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### SKEDADDLE!

FOR THE CLIPPER, FROM THE BOMBAST OF BEAUREGARD,
BY SPARTACUS.

THE foe are upon us, their minions are nigh,
Where a thousand camp-fires have crimsoned the sky;
Their proud banners wave in their martial array,
But Death and Disease shall welcome their stay.
The proud land of Dixie, which Southrons do love,
Is invaded by mudsills who root up above—
But our arms they are strong, and our hearts they are brave,
And we'll hurl back our foes from the land of the slave.
The cannon's wild roar, and the shrill bugle's blast,
Gives proof that the craven approacheth us fast.
To horse, men! to horse, men! and firm in each saddle,
Our strategy teaches, skedaddle! skedaddle!
Skedaddle! skedaddle! hear your general speak—
There's that curs'd Yankee rag, now skedaddle a streak.

Halt! halt! I command you, and dress on the right!
Look not for the foe I've removed from your sight!
Our God he is with us, the hirelings shall fall,
For "Beauty and Booty" is the motto of all.
On! on to our valleys! where the pale face of death,
Shall strengthen our hand with his pestilent breath!
The last ditch shall entomb, ere that curst Yankee rag
Shall displace the proud folds of our dearly loved flag.
Our right is our might, and onward our course,
Until might makes it right to bow down to brute force.
By Heaven! they're upon us! 'tis the musketry rattle!
To horse, men! to horse, men! skedaddle, skedaddle!
Skedaddle! skedaddle! hear your General speak—
There's that curs'd Yankee rag, now skedaddle a streak.

## CELEBRATED GAMBLING SALOONS.

### GAMBLING IN LONDON.

### CROCKFORD'S—THE GAMBLER PRINCE.

A correct account of Mr. Crockford and his well-known establishment, the St. James Club.—Erroneous impressions removed from the public mind.—Ude, the celebrated cook, and Lord Foley—His patron, the Earl of Sefton, and Ude's first introduction to Crockford's.—Mr. Charles Lilley.—His patron's munificence and good advice.—The charity of Mr. Crockford and his family.—Approval of the rich.—Praises of the poor.

In the year 1828, gamblers and gambling houses were in the ascendant at West end, London. Crockford's new house in St. James's street had not yet been opened. I scarcely need say that the gamblers—aye, the highest class of them—were the very best customers to the pawnbroker's shop in Green street, Leicester square. There I became intimate with many of them; some, indeed, *attaches* of the leviathan hell, Crockford's, or the St. James's Club. I may here allowably introduce, by way of episode, a description of the principal establishments of that class, which flourished with fortune-making vigor at that period, in the fashionable world.

Foremost on the list stood Crockford's.

In giving an accurate and faithful description of this magnificent establishment, there is, I may say by way of preface, nothing of the marvellous to relate. The absurd details of fiction, which have been from time to time foisted on the public in reference to this place, each of them purporting to be a correct account of its machinery, renders it a somewhat difficult task to set it before the public of these later days as it really was thirty years ago, entirely divested of its engaging and mysterious embellishments. Not willing, however, to create a false interest at the expense of veracity, I shall proceed in my sketch, guided by truth, unaccompanied by prejudice.

Mr. Crockford was originally a fishmonger—a circumstance that has often been cited to his prejudice, but one which I, in common with all right-thinking individuals, view in a very different light. As it is my purpose to portray his character in one peculiar phase of his life, namely, as a gambler prince—and to describe the palatial establishment with which his name is undyingly identified, precisely as it stood in its pride, I shall have nothing to do with his actions or character in early life, but will merely do him the passing justice to observe that, independently of keeping a gaming house, his character was without reproach.

In the year 1824, Crockford was a partner in Wattier's Club, in Piccadilly, where play was carried on to a great extent. I can without fear of contradiction assert, that Mr. Hughes Ball (at that time called "The Golden Ball") lost £45,000 in one night at that house.

About the latter part of the year 1824, a person of the name of Guy, who was Crockford's managing man, was commissioned by him to take a house in St. James's street. Crockford then separated himself from Wattier's, and commenced operations on his own account at the house taken by Guy; and upon the site of that house and the two adjoining, the splendid structure known to all the world as "Crockford's," was erected in the year 1827.

During the progress of building, the business of the club was removed to No. 56, Pall Mall, and there Crockford laid the foundation stone of the princely fortune he eventually amassed. Luck seemed never to desert him; and in that one year it is said his winnings amounted to upwards of £100,000. He incurred a heavy loss, however, by an accident that happened while the old houses were in course of being taken down to make room for the new one: the next house, the Guards' Club, fell down, and Crockford had to pay the expense of rebuilding it.

In 1828, the club, as finally constituted, was opened. A committee was formed, the chair of which was filled by the Earl of Sefton, and three hundred noblemen and gentlemen enrolled their names as members, under the title of "The St. James's Club." Lord Sefton followed Crockford through his career, and always patronized and supported his houses. The celebrated Ude, the French cook, was engaged at the request of the noble lord.

In the business of Ude (of whom the public have heard so much), there was a vast deal of humbug, and contemporary cooks of eminence considered him an impostor; but perhaps this arose from envy or jealousy. Certain it is, however, that he was originally a jeweller, and therefore was not likely to have known more of the culinary art than those who had learned and practised it under indentures.

The late Lord Foley once complained of a turbot not being properly prepared, and even went so far as to tell Ude that it stank. The cunning Frenchman had it removed, and again brought to table with a peculiar sauce; he then succeeded in persuading his lordship that he was in error, and the noble peer ate of it with great relish.

Forty-two servants, in and out of livery, were attached to the establishment; they were well fed and well paid, and one and all spoke in the highest terms of their master. Ude received £1200 a year salary, but out of that he had to pay three men cooks, two kitchen maids, and two scullions. He lived some time with the Earl of Sefton, and prior to that with the abdicated French monarch. The noble earl, not having use for so expensive a servant, allowed him one hundred pounds per annum while out of employment, and when Crockford opened his new house, his lordship got rid of his dependent, and saved his hundred pounds a year.

The club consisted of eight hundred members, each of whom subscribed ten guineas per annum, and were governed by the ordinary regulations of other clubs. The secretary was Mr. W. H. Page, who also acted as croupier at the hazard table.

As to the play part of the club, many statements have been made and have passed current, the effect of which has been, that while the major part of the public are left entirely in the dark, others are in great error as to the real state of affairs in that particular. I will, therefore, set them right, and vouch for the accuracy of my details.

Of the eight hundred members, not more than seventy were really "playmen;" that is to say, men who played games of chance—hazard, for instance. Many of them would not even touch a card, others played at whist or games of science, but declined in partaking of the amusements of the dice-box. The game of hazard was played in a small front room of the second floor or right wing of the building. That room was never shown to any visitors but such as had obtained from a member, a ticket to survey those truly magnificent premises. The morning play commenced at four o'clock in the afternoon, and continued till seven. The stakes played at that time of the day were from ten shillings to fifty pounds, and the bank put down was £2,500. At eleven o'clock the night play began, and then the bank was increased to £10,000, and the stakes may be said to have been unlimited. Crockford took his seat at a desk at a corner of the room. The business of the hazard table was managed by Messrs. Page and Darking. Mr. Crockford, in 1835, finding that many of the subscribers had got deeply into his debt, adopted the plan of playing for ready money only, and intimated to those on his books that he would, in the event of their winning, pay them without reference to bygone accounts, if they brought ready money into the house. This course of proceeding had the desired effect, for many who were indebted to him were in the habit of going to try their luck at the minor hells, fearing, if they won at his table, he would expect them to settle their old obligations. The result was, many of the old flock returned, and lost considerable sums.

Of course there were some exceptions to the rule. Many gentlemen who had behaved honorably to Crockford he continued to accommodate. Some who incurred debts of honor even transferred houses and other property to him in liquidation of his claims. A house next to the Travellers' Club, in Pall Mall, became his property in that way, and another in Bruton street, under similar circumstances, from Lord Seagrave. The public has been induced, by false accounts of the club, and the proceedings therein, to imagine that the youth of the aristocracy were led there by blacklegs, for the purpose of plunder and ruin. Such never was the fact. There can be no doubt but that young men rashly lost large sums, and not unfrequently their whole fortunes, by play; but no means of the sort imagined were made use of by Crockford to induce them to do so, nor was it the fact that false dice or cards ever found their way into the club. Any person detected in such infamous practices, however noble or influential, would have been exposed, and expelled the club.

The supper and refreshments that were provided nightly, gratis, for the hazard room company, cost fifty pounds.

It was not generally known that Crockford carried on the business of a wine merchant, and had, perhaps, a more extensive connection amongst the aristocracy than any other in the trade. His stock of wines was of the finest quality and most extensive description, and was estimated at the enormous sum of £200,000. The business was conducted under the superintendence of his son Edward, at the cellars of the St. James' Bazaar, the whole of which building was Crockford's property.

One singular characteristic of this extraordinary man was, that he made it "very stuff o' the conscience" that no play should be allowed until after the clock had struck twelve on a Sunday night.

I cannot conclude this sketch without observing that Mr. Crockford was a man of the most humane and benevolent disposition. He never discharged a servant if he could possibly avoid it. If he discovered that any of them fell into vicious courses, he got rid of them, that they might not corrupt the rest of his numerous establishment. One circumstance which came within my own knowledge will admirably illustrate the kindliness of his nature, and the wisdom of his actions. A young man, who had been in his employment upwards of fifteen years, contracted the habit of frequenting the common gambling houses of the metropolis. Mr. Crockford, although he knew his conduct to be otherwise irreproachable, immediately dismissed him, but not without first reading him a strong moral lesson as to his future conduct in life, and the baneful practice of gameing, and making him a present of one hundred pounds over and above the wages due him.

This young man in after-life was the prototype of his old master. He reached the topmost height in the "play ring," and was as eminent as Mr. Crockford on the turf. He was generous to his own ruin; and many have grateful recollections of his charity, which has so often lighted the weary to rest, and inspired the forlorn with comfort and hope renewed. Why should I hesitate to give credit where it is due! Why conceal a name which has so frequently extended benevolence to the broken-down and helpless? The man—one of nature's noble men—was Charles Liley, well known in the sporting circles for the last twenty years.

Mr. Crockford had a splendid freehold estate at Newmarket, where his wife and family resided. They were greatly respected by the inhabitants of the surrounding neighborhood, particularly by the poor, who often felt the benefit of their humanity and generosity.

### ALDRIDGE'S ESTABLISHMENT.

Number 6, St. James' Square—John Aldridge and his establishment described—The games played—Views of gambling house keepers as to their customers, and the feeling of the customers towards the gaming house proprietors—Visitors—The family party—Players no lenders—Interesting excuses—Croupiers and groom porters—Gentlemen educated in that character themselves—The gambler's toasts—Wattier's and the loaded dice—Hughes Ball's accusation—John Aldridge's denial—Mr. Cracroft's equestrian exhibition and its results—Churchill's insolvency.

Besides Crockford's, there were, in the parish of St. James', a number of splendid gambling houses, frequented by men of rank and fashion, the same individuals being members of Crockford's club. The foremost amongst these establishments was John Aldridge's, No. 6, St. James' square. The first floor-room, looking into the square, was devoted to the royal game of hazard; the larger room, or saloon, overlooking Pall Mall, was occupied for *rouge et noir* and *roulette*. Play for unlimited stakes was allowed; but the aristocrats who nightly gathered round John Aldrich's table, were really more like a family party than a nest of deliberate gamblers, striving to leave their host, of whose hospitality they were partaking, a shoeless beggar in the streets. Nor did the fine, manly, jolly-faced John Aldrich, the obliging master of the house, appear as if he would not take his supper quite as comfortably, and his *siesta* as undisturbedly, if not one of his jovial supporters had a shilling to pay a coach home, or a farthing to provide a breakfast in the morning. Yet, such were the facts on both sides—such is gambling life. A man who would willingly assist a friend, the next day, with ten or twenty pounds, will not lend him a shilling across the play table. Forty or fifty excuses are found, if needed. He frequently says, "I don't lend money to gamble with"—a wise if not a truthful excuse. "If I lend money it changes my luck. I always lose after lending money"—a superstitious put-off, but often had recourse to. Others will answer an importunate borrower, if they are accosted while box in hand, in manner following: "I presume you wish me to throw in, don't you?" The invariable response is, "I do, old fellow." "Well, then, if I were to lend you a sovereign, I should throw out directly." Such are the evasions employed by those wise enough to determine on not lending money at the play table. Some, however, who have less regard for the feelings of the would-be borrowers, are less polite in their responses. For instance, a veteran in the gambling world, when he was broke, once asked his son, who had been successful, and had a heap of bank notes before him, to lend him a "fiver" (*i.e.* five pounds,) when the dutiful son replied, much to the amusement of the company, "Can't, father; you're such a bad principle."

When men enter a gaming house, friendship and sympathy stay outside. Men go there to win money, and whose money, that of friend or foe, is perfectly immaterial; and yet it is a strange anomaly that, apart from the table, professed gamblers are the most liberal men to be met with. At the date of which I am speaking, in their manners, the proprietors and assistants—croupiers, groom porters, &c.—were gentlemen; if not born so, it was the practice to study the character, and, in theatrical phraseology, get themselves well up in the part. It is but just criticism on their performances to say, that one and all acquitted themselves with respectability.

John Aldridge was a fine, portly man, with a remarkably handsome countenance. He was a most jovial companion, and the best carver and chairman I ever met at a dinner party. His first toast, after the usual loyal ones, was either "The board of green cloth,"* or "The children in the wood."† Aldridge was not only generous, but extravagant in his hospitality. His entertainments in St. James' square were given on a scale of princely magnificence, and he vied with Mr. Crockford in obtaining wines of superior vintages. John's guests were all noblemen and gentlemen of the highest families in the land. The *coterie*, however, consisted of Lord Stair, Major Fancourt, (a desperate player, and a great friend of the late Duke of Cumberland, with whom the major went to Hanover as his Majesty's private secretary,) the late honorable and eccentric Geo. Talbot, Col. Marsack, Lord Allen, Mr. Oriel,‡ Count D'Orsay, Sir Godfrey Webster, Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Warrand, &c.

*Ecarte* for great stakes was played at No. 6, St. James' square, as well as whist and unlimited loo. Prior to John Aldridge opening this establishment, he was part proprietor of Wattier's. On his leaving the house it was rebuilt, and afterwards occupied for many years by Jemmy Bland, a well-known celebrity of the turf and betting circles. Wattier's club lost its *prestige* and standing by an accident, or rather an alleged accident, which occurred one night to Hughes Ball. That golden specimen of humanity had been playing with unusual bad luck for many hours, and, on rising, took up the dice. The next day they were broken, found to be loaded, and were exhibited in the window of a backgammon board maker in Bond street. Aldridge was highly indignant, and contended that some person playing must have introduced them, or, in fact, exchanged them for genuine ones. No matter how they got there, they were found, and the injury inflicted on the character of the proprietors of the club was severe and disastrous—merited or unmerited, I have no means of ascertaining. It is, however, but fair to add, that many a bank has been cleaned out by strangers "ringing" in false dice.

There is an old story, with which, probably, the reader is acquainted, as an ancient joke, one, however, which I and many others saw verified in the following way:—One Charley Cracroft, a person identified with the house as a croupier, was a man very much addicted to the disagreeable practice of chaffing, and particularly with those he imagined could not take their own part in that respect. One bitterly cold night, rather late, Fancourt came in with a friend, who was evidently what is termed the worse for liquor. I have met with but few men who have been the better for it. Cracroft, having nothing to do, entered into conversation with the half-intoxicated stranger. Fancourt was smoking a cigar in the *roulette* room with John Aldridge, when his friend called out to him,—

"Major, lend me a ten-pound note?"

"No," responded the major; "you are too far gone to play to-night."

"I am not going to play," said the stranger impatiently, and Fancourt advanced into the room.

"What are you going to do?" said he.

"This fellow," answered the lushy gentleman, has offered to bet me ten pounds that he will carry me on his back three times round the square without stopping. Lend me the money. I want to make the bet."

Fancourt, certainly with some exhibition of reluctance, pulled out the money.

"Now, sir," said the stranger, addressing Cracroft, "cover, sir—cover."

This was done, and the parties proceeded down stairs.

"I am ready," said the major's friend.

"But, sir," said Cracroft, "you are not prepared. I have laid the wager that I would carry you, not your clothes."

"You are a swindler, sir," said the stranger; "but you shall not escape by that *ruse de guerre*. I'll take you at your word."

In another instant the stalwart, half-tipsy man stood before us in a state of primeval buff. There was no alternative; the next moment the sturdy equestrian leaped on to poor Cracroft's back, whipping his naked heels into his ribs as if he had mounted some sluggish *Rosinante*, and wished to try its highest speed. Cracroft jogged off with his spiteful and troublesome burden, in the hope that some of his friends would try to make it a win, tie, or a wrangle. Alas! he reckoned without his host—he had no chance; but his friends, lacking sympathy, rendered the task more difficult. The snow was nearly a foot deep on the ground, and the whole party commenced snow-balling horse and man. John Aldridge commenced; Fancourt took up the running, and at length the steed fell, the naked man clinging to his neck and shoulders.

"Get up, my man, and let us go on," said the stranger, almost throttling Cracroft. That worthy gentleman, however, "could not see it," as we now say in modern slang. With a struggle he stammered out that he had lost the wager.

"Get off me," said he to his rider.

"The deuce a bit," responded the vindictive and obstinate stranger. "If I get off, I shall get my feet wet. You would have robbed me of ten pounds by your quibble, if you could; now, by the soul of me, you shall carry me back into the house;" and, with this bitter remark, he gave his victim a gentle squeeze of the throat, which induced him to make a start for No. 6, and he never stopped till he reached the knocker, and backed the successful jockey on the mat in the passage.

The persevering friend of Fancourt was Jack Churchill, a man of facetious memory, a great wit and orator of that time, well remembered for his midnight encounters of the tongue, at the Royal Saloon, Piccadilly, with the Hon. George Talbot, to whom he was always opposed. Churchill accompanied his friend Major Fancourt to Hanover, in the capacity of secretary to the king's secretary. He returned about the year 1842, and soon afterwards was arrested and taken to Whitecross street, at the suit of a cabman, for seventy pounds odd, for cab fares. I forget the man's name, but he was remarkable for his civility, and a great favorite amongst the swells, and known to them as "Black Jem." I think Jack Churchill is the only man upon record who ever took the benefit of the Insolvent Act for cab fares.

* The hazard table. † Dice in the box.

‡ This man moved in the very best society, and was of good family. He defrauded Messrs. Drummonds, the bankers, of £30,000 by means of forged parochial paving bonds. He escaped from justice to the continent.

### A THRILLING INCIDENT.

The following graphic sketch of an incident which occurred some years since at the Natural Bridge, in Virginia, is a passage in a lecture on Genius, delivered by the celebrated Elihu Burritt, the Learned Blacksmith:—

The scene opens with the Great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to the vast arch of unhewn rocks which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting abutments when the morning stars sang together. The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers, is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up these perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key-rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last, this feeling begins to wear away, they begin to look around them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone abutments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in hand in an instant. "What man has done, man may do," is their watch-word, while they draw up themselves, and carve their names a foot above those of full-grown men, who had been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates the perfectly forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte, shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy to write his name side by side with that of the father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand; and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he is standing; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. It is a dangerous adventure, but as he puts his feet and hands into those grains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart.

Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grew wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voice of his friends waxes weaker and weaker, till it is lost on the ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment! His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come to avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desires. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of the new and numerous voices both below and above. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair—"William! William! don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eyes on the top!" The boy didn't look down. His eye is like a fixed flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cut another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economises his physical powers—resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stands his kindred on the very spot, where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is now half way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of the vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by increased shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above or with ladder below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. The blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels—his eyes are starting from their sockets—his last hope is dying in his heart—his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts—that niche is his last. At the last faint gash he makes, his knife falls from his nerveless hand, and ringing all the precipice, falls at the feet of his mother.

An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death

knell through the chasm below; and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly 300 feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God—'tis but a moment!—one foot swings off—he is reeling—trembling—topping into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above. He who is lying with half his body over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness came over him, and with the words, "God"—"Mother!" whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in Heaven, the rope lifts him out of his last hollow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting, and leaping, and weeping for joy, never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.


# NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1862.


## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SCOTT, Alexandria.—1. The New York CLIPPER *is* recognised as the most reliable sporting and theatrical journal in the country. 2. The CLIPPER's circulation does *not* exceed that of our contemporary 4 to 1. 3. The actress mentioned is *said* to be over 50 years of age—we cannot decide this knotty point, however. 4. Mr. E. L. Davenport is one of our best actors, and a great favorite in New York. 5. We cannot say that the Boston Academy is the largest and most costly edifice of the kind in this country; leaving out the New York and Philadelphia Academies, it probably is.

HARRY, Portland, Me.—1. For a photograph of Harry Huntington, address Charles White, 444 Broadway, New York. 2. Harry died at Elmira, N. Y., about 1 P. M., on the 16th July, 1861. He was then traveling with the Denin Sisters, and the troupe afterwards traveled with Messrs. Hough and Hanchett. 3. We cannot state where the remains of Harry were deposited.

C. J. K., Philadelphia.—Miss Kate Bateman was born on the 7th October, 1843, in Baltimore, and made her first appearance on the stage (in conjunction with her sister Ellen) at Louisville, Ky., on the 11th December, 1848, in "The Children in the Wood." Hence we must leave you to reckon Miss Bateman's age at that time.

J. W. H., Binghampton.—1. Sands, Wilson, and Hayes, are all clever as clog dancers, and each has hosts of friends; we are not prepared to say who is the best clog dancer in the world. 2. Having passed, and the card being ordered up by another player, the first player cannot change his base, and take it up.

WILLIAM BURGESS, Taunton.—You can procure the *Illustrated Sporting News* by ordering from Wilmer & Rogers, corner Nassau and Liberty streets. They only receive yearly subscriptions, however; no single numbers are sold here.

BACK VOLUMES.—A correspondent wishes us to say that he has five complete volumes of the CLIPPER, dating back from our last issue, which he would like to dispose of. His address can be had at this office.

A. G. F., Emory Hospital.—The best time ever made in any country in trotting a single mile, was that made by Flora Temple, at Kalamazoo, Mich., viz.: two minutes nineteen and three quarter seconds.

A, B, C, AND D.—*Bluff.*—C and D were fairly bluffed, and A and B were quite at liberty to "split the pile" if they pleased, without C and D having a finger in.

M. D., Prescott, C. W.—When A blocked the game, he could insist on D drawing all the pieces, and he (A) take the whole count.

J. H. C., 41st Regt., Ill. Vol.—1. Address Howard M. Graves, New York City P. O. 2. For the "Confed spons" address W. E. Hilton, No. 11 Spruce street, N. Y.

P., PARMENTER, New Orleans.—The CLIPPER is sent regularly to some of the news agents in your city, and has been so sent since the opening of the port by Com. Farragut and Gen. Butler.

FRISKY, Indianapolis.—You will find their movements recorded in our theatrical department. Some of those you inquire for are mentioned in this issue.

JACK SPENCER, Washington, D. C.—Whenever you have any items, send 'em right along. The Fudgins still live—what's left of 'em.

JOE ROWE, London.—"Them colors have arriv." Thank you, sir. What have you and Charley been a doin' of, eh? It aint for us to say nothin'. Will write you both in a week or two.

W. T. G.—You have lost your bet. The Governor of Massachusetts is elected for two years. Even the Mayor of Boston is elected for two years.

E. AND S., Washington.—B cannot count what what was made; there must be a new deal.

R. W. B., Washington.—Address Samuel French, publisher, Nassau street, New York.

BLOOMINGDALE.—Harry Broome and Ben Caunt never fought together in the ring.

PHILIP HART, Demorestville, C. W.—We have entered you on our books.

MISS E. W., London, Eng.—Your polite favor received. Will reply at an early day.

Q. K., Lewiston, Me.—The articles you wish are not in the market, but are "manufactured to order."

C. T. R., Pontiac, Ill.—Address one of those book agents whose advertisements you may see in our paper.

CAMERA, Troy.—Your letter did not reach us until just before going to press on Monday.

S. P., Washington.—John C. Heenan fought but one prize fight in this country, and that was with John Morrissey.

H. R.—In the CLIPPER of November 1, you will find a copy of the game laws.

THESPIAN, Norfolk, Va.—Shall be glad to hear from you. See elsewhere.

W. L., Somerville, Conn.—We have not a copy on hand.

J. T. R., Balto.—Will call attention to it.

P., Milwaukee.—Tom Sayers has retired from the ring.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Some time very soon, we believe, a great contest will take place in England, for the possession of the much coveted "Champion Belt of England." The aspiring candidates for the honors are Jem Mace, the present champion, and Tom King, a rising young gladiator. They met once before, these two, and Tom, then rather green in the business, made such a determined stand that Master Mace had full as much as he could do to pull through and clutch the victory. King was not in proper condition at the time, and neither was Mace, for that matter, but the latter had a good deal more experience in the ring than his opponent, and strategy helped him to carry the day. In the coming fight, both men will probably be in good health, and in the most proper physical condition to stand a thumping siege. Each man is doing well cared for, Jack McDonald, if we are correctly informed, having the "royal blood" in hand. Mace has a well known practitioner to look out for his interests, and as it is known that King will make a better fight of it than he did before, every effort will be made to put the champion in the best trim. From the opinion expressed by many, it is thought that the winner of the coming fight will have to meet the Benicia Boy, who is still in England, traveling with Howes' Circus. The traveling season must be pretty well over by this time, and if not engaged for in-door business in the metropolis, Heenan will have time to think over the matter, and count the costs and the gains of another campaign in the pugilistic circuit. The approaching mill between Mace and King will be a hard struggle for the mastery, and should Mace lose his hold upon the belt, it will not be without a terrible effort to keep it. It is a most difficult task to retain the trophy more than two years, in these days. Tom Sayers held it for nearly three years, but lost it at the last moment in his fight with Heenan. Had he met any other man but Heenan at that time, the belt no doubt would have become the property of Sayers, to do as he pleased with it. He made a desperate fight, but the odds were too much against him, in a physical point of view, and he had to give up the belt, to be fought for by others.

Heenan would like to bring that same belt home with him, we know. He has said as much. It cannot be had without a fight. There are grounds, therefore, for supposing that he may challenge the winner in the forthcoming tourney. Of what transpires, the readers of the CLIPPER will be apprised in good season.

DEATH OF A NEWS AGENT.—Died at Washington, D. C., on the morning of the 7th inst., John Heaney, of this city, of a chronic disease, contracted in Mexico when serving his country in the ranks of the New York Volunteers. At the time of his death Mr. Heaney was acting as an agent for New York papers, and supplied the army with reading matter since the war broke out. He leaves a young and lovely daughter to mourn his loss.

THE "NEW YORK CLIPPER" IN LONDON.—Our gallus little American friend, Charley Lynch, is once more established in business in England. He has taken a house in Church Lane, Whitechapel, a short distance from Jem Ward's, and christened it the NEW YORK CLIPPER, after our wide-world known, and saucy little craft. Our paper has got to be quite an institution in Great Britain; it may be seen in nearly all the hotels and sporting houses. To give an idea whether it is popular or not, we know of three first-class porter-houses where our first page may be seen in a handsome gilt frame right over the bar. Of course, Charley Lynch will keep his friends posted about sporting matters here by means of the CLIPPER, and we would advise all Americans going out there to "see Charley" whenever convenient, that he may do them good. Success to the gallant little American, heartily say we, "and so says every one, for he's a jolly good fellow, with a hip, hip, hip, hurrah!"

ANOTHER ENGLISH BOXER GONE.—By foreign papers it appears that Ben Terry, the Birmingham boxer (a sketch of whom appeared in a recent number of our paper) died rather suddenly on Sunday, Oct. 12, under suspicions of foul play. We scarcely know what to think about the "foul play," for a more good-natured, rough, rollicking sort of fellow, with less enemies, would be hard to find. We are informed by "one who knows" that Ben had been laboring under a severe cold for months previous to his death, and this possibly hastened the sad calamity. Bob Brettle kindly defrayed all his funeral expenses, and as Terry leaves a wife and ten children, measures will no doubt be taken to get up some substantial testimonial towards their support. For any particulars about poor Ben as he was when alive, we refer the reader to the CLIPPER of Oct. 25, under the head of "Men, Manners, and Things in England."

A SPORTING EDITOR KILLED IN A DUEL.—Mr. Dillon, editor of *Le Sport*, a French sporting paper, was recently killed by the Duc de Cadarousse, in a duel, fought at St. Germain. The cause of the quarrel was the Duke's objecting to a certain jockey on the Chalons Camp, and Mr. Dillon espousing his cause. After considerable wordy warfare, Dillon challenged the Duke, and chose pistols, but these being objected to by the challenged party's seconds, it was agreed the duel should be fought with swords. The contest was of brief duration, as after a few passes, Mr. Dillon was run through the body by his adversary's sword—the heart was touched and he died on the spot.

HAVE A CARE.—Notwithstanding the vote of New York against the removal of Gen. McClellan, the administration has superseded him. What does it mean? Is the country prepared for another revolution? Have a care, Mr. Lincoln. The people have stood by you while you sustained Gen. McClellan. Your removal of the army's favorite may kindle a fire that shall hurl you and your admirers from power. Is the voice of the people to be unheeded? Is the nation to be blindly driven to destruction by the radicals? The removal of Gen. McClellan is a hazardous experiment, and we fear to contemplate the consequences.

THE "CHECKER BOARD" AHEAD.—Mr. L. Stimson, Stationer, No. 3, Broad street, this city, has adopted a new style of advertising through the various daily papers, with the "checker board." He uses the black squares with advertisements, and on the white squares he sets up a position, for the attraction and benefit of Draught players. Those that advertise, will do well to give him a call. The *Daily Times* of the 1st inst., says:—"So many are interested in the amusement of Checker or Draught playing, that the NEW YORK CLIPPER has, for a long time past, devoted an ably edited column, weekly, to this science," also, "that A. J. Drysdale, Esq., of this city, is the Champion Checker player of the United States."

WINNING A PILE.—John Morrissey is said to have won nearly fifty thousand dollars on the result of the late election in this State. He held a levee in the rotunda of the Astor House, on election day, and with a fund of one hundred thousand dollars, he bet with any and with all comers, on the general result, or on particular candidates. He wagered large or small sums, to suit the piles of his opponents. He backed down from no one, and his boldness in betting enabled him to "take down the persimmons."

BIG STAKE.—In our report of Sullivan and White's great fight in Australia, it will be perceived the stake contended for was $2500 a side, or $5000 in all. This will set the London boxers' mouths watering, and we expect to hear of several starting right straight for the colonies. A couple of months back it was a great gag in London to get up sparring exhibitions for this or that pugilist "prior to his departure for Australia," but it got played out very soon; now, however, we shall not be the least surprised to hear somebody has really gone there. Mark what we say.

WHERE IS PHELAN THE BILLIARDCUETIST?—(Or the Cute Billiardist whichever you please)? Why, just over at Sacramento, about two hours from here, if you go by telegraph. He has been playing billiards with the amateurs there at the Orleans Hotel, showing the ladies how to manipulate the balls with that cue of his'n. On October 2nd, in particular, he played a game of 500 points with one of the Boss Cues, and ran out the game while his opponent scored but 171 points.

SHOOTING ON LONG ISLAND.—A "championship shooting match," so called, was to have taken place to-day, Monday, for a silver vase, etc., at Ward's, on the Coney Island plank road, the result of which we have not learned at the time of going to press.

DEATH OF CHARLEY JENKINSON, THE LONDON STAG.—This celebrated pedestrian, one of the most noted runners of his day, died at Brighton, Eng., Oct. 11, where he was engaged in training Jem Dillon to fight Patsy Reardon. He was in his forty-third year, and had been in a bad state of health for some time.

THAT TEAM.—A week or two since we mentioned that our friend Tommy Burns had won a fine team and carriage in a raffle. We now learn that the establishment is to be raffled off this evening, 11th inst., at Nautilus Hall, Staten Island, at ten dollars a pop. Here's a chance for a splurge.

# THE TRIGGER.

## THE CHAMPIONSHIP PIGEON MATCH.

### NEWELL DEFEATS KING.

Quite an event in the way of trap shooting took place at Buffalo, on Thursday, Nov. 6, being no less than a match for the United States championship and $1,000, between Messrs. W. King, of Springfield, Ill., and Robert Newell, of Buffalo. King is well known to professors of the trigger, having been engaged in a number of contests with the "crack shots" both east and west, and two or three years since, although an Englishman, left these shores as the self-annointed champion to contend against one of the best shots of England for the "Championship of the World," which he succeeded in "winning." Of Newell, but little was known outside of the Buffalonean realm, until his acceptation of the *defi* thrown out by King to shoot against any man at 50 double birds, 21 yards rise, 100 yards boundary, for $500 a side. The match, however, did not attract much public attention, Uncle Sam's great shooting match throwing everything else in that line in the shade, so that little betting was done, either at large or small figures. Owing to the billiard match between Foley and Kavanagh taking place on the evening of the same day, not a few sports from this city and elsewhere had congregated in Buffalo to witness both events, and at the time appointed for the shooting to begin, the Driving Park was pretty well populated with cold and shivering mortals, for the day was anything but pleasant or well adapted for taking straight aim, although it was as fair for one as t'other. The judiciary on the occasion were, Charles Bradford, of Detroit, umpire for King; John B. Sage, of Buffalo, for Newell; and E. Garrison, of Syracuse, referee. All things being ready and in order, shooting commenced in the neighborhood of 12 M., and bang, bang, resounded from their respective pieces, until about 3½ P. M., when 99 birds, in all, had been shot at, Newell having so much the advantage that the King doffed his crown, and Newell was proclaimed King Pin of the trigger. At the conclusion of the shooting, considerable discussion ensued on the respective abilities of the two men, when it was generally conceded that Newell was the more accomplished shot, irrespective of the odds; since, in the same number of birds, Newell killed all but 8, while King had eleven round 0s scored against him; so that, even allowing King two dead birds for the one that fell dead just out of bounds, and the one missed on account of a bad cap, Newell still stands ahead one bird *without the odds*. The score, as it stood, made it useless for King to continue shooting, as the ten dead birds given made it impossible for him to win. The Royal Shot will, therefore, for a time, have to take a back seat, or else pick his flint and try again with the, now, champion Newell. Shooting, of all sports, admits of but little descriptive in detail, so we "shut pan", after giving the tally:—

NEWELL'S

11 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11
11 11 11 11 11 10 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 10 11 11 10—Total 82

KING.

11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 10 10 10 11 11
11 11 11 11 10 11 10 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 11 10 11 11—Total 79

# BILLIARDS.

## THE BILLIARD MATCH IN BUFFALO,

### FOR $1000.

### KAVANAGH DEFEATS FOLEY.

The citizens of Buffalo had quite a treat in the way of billiards during the past week. A number of the best players of the country having congregated there to witness the match between Kavanagh, of New-York, and Foley, of Cleveland, arrangements were made for a billiard tournament on the evening previous thereto, at Kremlin Hall, to witness which, no charge was made. On Wednesday evening, Nov. 5, therefore, a large number of spectators were present, both ladies and gentlemen. The programme of the evening was as follows:—A six-handed game, caroms, 500 points up, between Messrs. Foley, Fox, and Humphrey, on the one side, and Messrs. Kavanagh, Goldthwaite, and Geary, on the other, to be followed by a single game of 100 points up, between the two players scoring the largest number of points in the previous game. Messrs. Kavanagh and Geary are residents of New-York city, Mr. Goldthwaite of Boston, Mr. Foley of Cleveland, Mr. Fox of Rochester, and Mr. Humphrey of Buffalo. Play commenced by Kavanagh and Foley stringing for the lead, which was won by the former. The game occupied about two hours, and resulted in the defeat of the Foley party by 41 points. The largest run was made by Goldthwaite—98 points—the largest number of points in the whole game, 270, being made by the same player. Goldthwaite, the youngest of the players, handled his cue with such skill and grace as frequently to call forth applause from the spectators. Fox, having made the next largest number of points, 178, became the antagonist of Mr. Goldthwaite in the final contest, of which we here give a summary:—

Fox.....0, 2, 5, 9, 3, 2, 28, 52—Total 101
Goldthwaite.....0, 52, 0, 13, 18, 2, 12—Total 97

Notwithstanding Goldthwaite was so nearly victor, lacking but three points of game, Fox, with great nerve, took his cue in hand, and by cool, judicious play, combined with the most skilful execution, ran the game out, for which he was enthusiastically cheered. The tournament closed at 10½ P. M., all parties being well pleased with the curious display.

KAVANAGH VS. FOLEY.

The third and conquering match of the present series, and the fourth in which they have been opponents, was played according to previous and frequent announcements in the CLIPPER, on Thursday evening, November 6th, at the same place, on one of Phelan and Collender's celebrated combination cushioned tables. One dollar was the fee of admission, and some time before the commencement of play, 8 P. M., the hall was well filled by anxious and interested spectators, among whom we recognised Messrs. C. O'Connor, Neil Bryant, Collender, Geary, and Peter Braisted, of New York; Tom Burns, of Staten Island; Fox, of Rochester; Goldthwaite, of Boston; Elwood, Gen. Fitch, and Frowley, of Cleveland, and May, of Detroit, as well as a number of noted amateurs whose faces, but not names, were familiar. At the time above stated, the contestants approached the table to "string for lead," for the game of 1500 points, for $500 aside, according to the rules of the American four ball game, pushing, and *masse* shots being barred. The arrangements, which had been made for the conduct of the affair, for the most part, by that "jolly good fellow," Michael Geary, of New York, who keeps a snug little billiard saloon in Courtlandt street, and who accompanied Kavanagh to Buffalo, and put him through several preliminary courses of sprouts, were of the "apple-pie order," and notwithstanding the number of people there, "peace reigned in Warsaw." Both players, as they chalked their cues for the first time, seemed a little anxious; but, differently from their other contests, both soon warmed to their work, and played brilliantly, but with caution, and some really beautiful play ensued. Kavanagh gained a little headway at the start, or, in turning the first hundred, by a pretty count of seventy-five, but on approaching the fifth hundred, was overhauled by Foley, who, at this time, played with indomitable coolness. But little betting had been done up to this period of the game, Foley's backers being a little "skeery," and the New-Yorkers didn't offer them enough odds to be considered good bait; but when Foley turned the seventh hundred first, his friends took courage, and accepted the odds in two or three instances. They were, however, doomed to disappointment, for in a short time Kavanagh had regained the lead, and playing beautifully and with confidence, made two or three excellent runs in short order, including one of 55 and one of 77, at his 94th turn at the cue. Here Foley "buckled in" again, and commencing with a run of 50, reduced the gap, but to no purpose, for he was unable to catch up with his opponent, and Kavanagh finally won by 204 points, thus securing his third victory handsomely, over the same man. Both players were loudly cheered at the conclusion, and the "set-to" was pronounced as having been more than ordinarily skilfull, and stoutly contested. The officers elected were, Mr. Chris. O'Connor, of the 14th Street Billiard Rooms, umpire for Kavanagh; Mr. John Frowley, of Cleveland, for Foley; and Gen. Fitch, of the same place, referee. After putting Buffalo in ship-shape order generally, the New York party left for home on Friday and Saturday, well satisfied with their "little out" and its results. Annexed is the table of counts, in the order in which they were made.

| KAVANAGH. | | | FOLEY. | | KAVANAGH. | | | FOLEY. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Shot.* | *Count.* | *Total.* | *Count.* | *Total.* | *Shot.* | *Count.* | *Total.* | *Count.* | *Total.* |
| 1.. | 0.... | 0 | 0.... | 0 | 76.. | 10.... | 645 | 47.... | 697 |
| 2.. | 10.... | 10 | 12.... | 12 | 77.. | 18.... | 663 | 8.... | 705 |
| 3.. | 1.... | 11 | 24.... | 36 | 78.. | 10.... | 673 | 12.... | 717 |
| 4.. | 0.... | 11 | 4.... | 40 | 79.. | 0.... | 673 | 4.... | 721 |
| 5.. | 13.... | 24 | 4.... | 44 | 80.. | 0.... | 673 | 9.... | 730 |
| 6.. | 11.... | 35 | 3.... | 47 | 81.. | 5.... | 678 | 0.... | 730 |
| 7.. | 0.... | 35 | 0.... | 47 | 82.. | 10.... | 688 | 4.... | 734 |
| 8.. | 8.... | 43 | 8.... | 55 | 83.. | 25.... | 713 | 0.... | 734 |
| 9.. | 5.... | 48 | 24.... | 79 | 84.. | 3.... | 716 | 9.... | 743 |
| 10.. | 0.... | 48 | 9.... | 88 | 85.. | 10.... | 726 | 17.... | 760 |
| 11.. | 0.... | 48 | 9.... | 97 | 86.. | 28.... | 754 | 28.... | 788 |
| 12.. | 75.... | 123 | 0.... | 97 | 87.. | 8.... | 762 | 0.... | 788 |
| 13.. | 3.... | 126 | 0.... | 97 | 88.. | 36.... | 798 | 4.... | 792 |
| 14.. | 20.... | 146 | 2.... | 99 | 89.. | 24.... | 822 | 6.... | 798 |
| 15.. | 2.... | 148 | 0.... | 99 | 90.. | 0.... | 822 | 2.... | 800 |
| 16.. | 5.... | 153 | 1.... | 100 | 91.. | 55.... | 877 | 9.... | 812 |
| 17.. | 6.... | 159 | 16.... | 116 | 92.. | 6.... | 883 | 11.... | 823 |
| 18.. | 0.... | 162 | 8.... | 124 | 93.. | 0.... | 883 | 7.... | 830 |
| 19.. | 12.... | 174 | 3.... | 127 | 94.. | 77.... | 960 | 50.... | 880 |
| 20.. | 0.... | 174 | 0.... | 127 | 95.. | 6.... | 966 | 5.... | 885 |
| 21.. | 56.... | 230 | 5.... | 132 | 96.. | 3.... | 969 | 11.... | 896 |
| 22.. | 16.... | 246 | 0.... | 132 | 97.. | 0.... | 969 | 2.... | 898 |
| 23.. | 2.... | 248 | 2.... | 134 | 98.. | 0.... | 969 | 9.... | 907 |
| 24.. | 27.... | 275 | 11.... | 145 | 99.. | 6.... | 975 | 0.... | 907 |
| 25.. | 0.... | 275 | 3.... | 148 | 100.. | 1.... | 976 | 4.... | 911 |
| 26.. | 17.... | 292 | 2.... | 150 | 101.. | 7.... | 983 | 9.... | 920 |
| 27.. | 0.... | 292 | 15.... | 165 | 102.. | 0.... | 983 | 11.... | 931 |
| 28.. | 8.... | 300 | 18.... | 183 | 103.. | 14.... | 997 | 3.... | 934 |
| 29.. | 0.... | 300 | 0.... | 183 | 104.. | 0.... | 998 | 16.... | 940 |
| 30.. | 7.... | 307 | 10.... | 193 | 105.. | 3.... | 1001 | 40.... | 980 |
| 31.. | 33.... | 340 | 0.... | 193 | 106.. | 18.... | 1019 | 0.... | 980 |
| 32.. | 28.... | 368 | 0.... | 193 | 107.. | 0.... | 1019 | 13.... | 993 |
| 33.. | 5.... | 373 | 11.... | 204 | 108.. | 86.... | 1105 | 84.. | 1077 |
| 34.. | 0.... | 373 | 3.... | 207 | 109.. | 8.... | 1113 | 1.... | 1078 |
| 35.. | 0.... | 373 | 15.... | 222 | 110.. | 2.... | 1115 | 0.... | 1078 |
| 36.. | 0.... | 376 | 0.... | 222 | 111.. | 15.... | 1130 | 9.... | 1087 |
| 37.. | 15.... | 391 | 12.... | 234 | 112.. | 11.... | 1141 | 0.... | 1087 |
| 38.. | 6.... | 397 | 0.... | 234 | 113.. | 11.... | 1152 | 0.... | 1087 |
| 39.. | 3.... | 400 | 0.... | 235 | 114.. | 17.... | 1169 | 3.... | 1090 |
| 40.. | 3.... | 403 | 55.... | 290 | 115.. | 2.... | 1171 | 3.... | 1090 |
| 41.. | 29.... | 432 | 33.... | 323 | 116.. | 2.... | 1174 | 0.... | 1090 |
| 42.. | 0.... | 432 | 2.... | 325 | 117.. | 11.... | 1185 | 1.... | 1091 |
| 43.. | 15.... | 447 | 90.... | 415 | 118.. | 6.... | 1191 | 0.... | 1091 |
| 44.. | 7.... | 454 | 0.... | 415 | 119.. | 10.... | 1201 | 3.... | 1094 |
| 45.. | 0.... | 454 | 6.... | 421 | 120.. | 28.... | 1229 | 1.... | 1095 |
| 46.. | 2.... | 456 | 2.... | 423 | 121.. | 6.... | 1235 | 2.... | 1097 |
| 47.. | 0.... | 456 | 10.... | 433 | 122.. | 7.... | 1242 | 5.... | 1102 |
| 48.. | 2.... | 458 | 9.... | 452 | 123.. | 22.... | 1264 | 15.... | 1117 |
| 49.. | 0.... | 558 | 7.... | 459 | 124.. | 1.... | 1265 | 0.... | 1117 |
| 50.. | 14.... | 472 | 0.... | 459 | 125.. | 0.... | 1265 | 23.... | 1140 |
| 51.. | 0.... | 472 | 8.... | 467 | 126.. | 37.... | 1302 | 3.... | 1143 |
| 52.. | 2.... | 474 | 48.... | 515 | 127.. | 10.... | 1312 | 1.... | 1144 |
| 53.. | 6.... | 480 | 2.... | 517 | 128.. | 0.... | 1312 | 4.... | 1148 |
| 54.. | 20.... | 500 | 0.... | 517 | 129.. | 2.... | 1314 | 5.... | 1153 |
| 55.. | 9.... | 509 | 4.... | 521 | 130.. | 0.... | 1314 | 59.... | 1212 |
| 56.. | 8.... | 517 | 13.... | 534 | 131.. | 11.... | 1325 | 0.... | 1212 |
| 57.. | 5.... | 522 | 3.... | 537 | 132.. | 6.... | 1331 | 6.... | 1218 |
| 58.. | 11.... | 533 | 2.... | 539 | 133.. | 4.... | 1335 | 16.... | 1234 |
| 59.. | 4.... | 537 | 0.... | 539 | 134.. | 14.... | 1349 | 3.... | 1237 |
| 60.. | 11.... | 548 | 6.... | 545 | 135.. | 7.... | 1356 | 3.... | 1240 |
| 61.. | 2.... | 550 | 0.... | 545 | 136.. | 3.... | 1359 | 3.... | 1243 |
| 62.. | 3.... | 553 | 50.... | 595 | 137.. | 10.... | 1369 | 0.... | 1243 |
| 63.. | 12.... | 565 | 3.... | 598 | 138.. | 7.... | 1376 | 9.... | 1252 |
| 64.. | 3.... | 568 | 6.... | 604 | 139.. | 22.... | 1398 | 0.... | 1252 |
| 65.. | 5.... | 573 | 11.... | 615 | 140.. | 13.... | 1411 | 2.... | 1254 |
| 66.. | 11.... | 584 | 0.... | 615 | 141.. | 10.... | 1421 | 0.... | 1254 |
| 67.. | 3.... | 587 | 10.... | 625 | 142.. | 2.... | 1423 | 0.... | 1254 |
| 68.. | 0.... | 587 | 7.... | 632 | 143.. | 40.... | 1463 | 10.... | 1264 |
| 69.. | 3.... | 590 | 2.... | 634 | 144.. | 8.... | 1471 | 7.... | 1271 |
| 70.. | 0.... | 590 | 12.... | 646 | 145.. | 3.... | 1474 | 0.... | 1271 |
| 71.. | 0.... | 590 | 0.... | 646 | 146.. | 0.... | 1474 | 3.... | 1274 |
| 72.. | 18.... | 608 | 0.... | 646 | 147.. | 0.... | 1474 | 0.... | 1274 |
| 73.. | 24.... | 632 | 3.... | 649 | 148.. | 0.... | 1474 | 9.... | 1283 |
| 74.. | 3.... | 635 | 0.... | 649 | 149.. | 0.... | 1474 | 13.... | 1296 |
| 75.. | 0.... | 635 | 1.... | 650 | 150.. | 27.... | 1501 | | |

"OFF."—The Fox and Deery Billiard match was not played, as announced and expected. Was it declared off by mutual consent, nor did one or t'other knock under? We'd like to know.

# THE RING.


WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

THE ORIENTAL, No. 116 Bowery, between Grand and Hester streets, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and acquaintances, that he has taken the above house, which he opened on Monday evening, June 9th, 1862. The Bar will be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, and Segars. The Proprietor will do everything in his power to promote comfort. 10-tf JOHN ROCHE.


## AHEAD AGAIN!

### WE GET THE FIRST OF JEM MACE'S COLORS.

Ever since the memorable Farnborough battle the CLIPPER has stood pre-eminent for getting the earliest intelligence of every important event transpiring in Great Britain. Our object is to be friendly with all, instead of going around snapping and snarling at everybody adverse to our opinions. We had special correspondents at Farnborough, the same when John C. Heenan went over last May, and shall continue to have as long as our friends demand it. In the forthcoming fight between Mace and King, we have four bully friends who will almost break their necks to see that the CLIPPER gets the very first news. If anybody gets ahead of us, they're welcome to it, so long as the thing is done on the square. Never fear! the paper isn't yet born that can steal a march over us on any sporting event.

We have described these handsome colors recently in an extract from the *Illustrated Sporting News*, but now proceed to give our own opinion. The beautiful specimen before us is of thick white silk, with a large blue border, in the four corners of which are lions and castles (intended for Norwich castle, the town where Mace was born). In the centre is a capital full-length portrait of Jem in fighting costume, taken from a photograph, and underneath, in script, are the words, "Jem Mace, Champion of England." On Mace's right, in a neat circle shaded with red and chrome border, is the head of Tom King, his opponent—a first-rate likeness; on his left, similar design, is Sam Hurst, the Staleybridge Infant—very good; above him, is Bob Brettle—pretty fair; and below, the fighting darkey, Bob Travers—a miserable affair. Underneath these men are their names, and on the left corner is the manufacturer's name, Francis Brown, Bandana (not banana) Merchant, '38 Cheapside, E. C. This man gets up all sorts of pictorial handkerchiefs on every important event, and we must say, with the exception of Travers, (they make all niggers alike in England) it is a magnificent piece of workmanship.

SOMETHING SPICY.—We have received the following characteristic letter from Old Joe Rowe, and defy the wisest scribes to say more in less space. Read it:—

"THE GRAPES," Paternoster Row, Union St.,
Spitalsfields, London, Oct. 24th.

DEAR SIR: You can depend on me sending you the first news, with all particulars, of the Championship fight. Hoping you are well, I remain Yours truly, JOE ROWE.

P.S.—Excuse me saying any more at present as Mrs. R. is just confined with a daughter.

Charley Lynch has taken a beer-house in Church Lane, Whitechapel, and has altered the sign from the Prince of Prussia to the NEW YORK CLIPPER. He had hardly taken possession before his good lady, like mine, was also confined with a daughter. So you see we are both getting plenty of stock.

Yours, etc., J. R.

Comment on such a document would be superfluous—it speaks for itself, and talks out pretty loud, too. It's what we call a double-header with caper sauce. The husbands and fathers have our warmest congratulations.

BIG THING ON TIM MACARTY.—It is now going on four years since our tall young friend, Tim Macarty, (a slashing boxer of the Fourth Ward) went to California, since which time the boys seem almost to have lost track of him. To freshen your memories a little, we feel a decided pleasure in telling you that he is now worth more hard cash than all the boxers of this city combined. He has an immense "establishment" in San Francisco, fitted up better than any of our "banks," and netting him his thousands and tens of thousands every year. A week or so ago we mentioned about Johnny Lazarus getting his ten dollars a day out there; we now learn that Johnny is employed by Tim Macarty. With characteristic generosity, Tim engaged Jack as soon as he could put his paw on him; in fact, he won't have anybody but New-Yorkers if they're to be got at all. As if this wasn't enough to stamp him a true blue, we are going to add another laurel for him. He don't forget the old lady if he is far away from home, but gratefully and substantially remembers her by nearly every steamer. It ain't every body will do this, we are sorry to say, and we want all the b'hoys to take pattern by Long-armed Tim Macarty.

DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL—CON OREM AT THE DOUGLASS HOUSE.—In a late number of the *Omaha Nebraskian* we find considerable space devoted to the movements of Con Orem, the pugilistic champion of Colorado. That paper says:—"This celebrated Knight of the Ring and Champion of Colorado Territory, arrived here from Denver on the 26th Oct., and is stopping at the Douglass House. Con is a hale, athletic-looking fellow, and wears his laurels as Champion of the Rocky Mountain regions with becoming grace. Previous to the discovery of the gold mines of Colorado, Con was an unassuming sort of individual, and worked at the blacksmithing business at Desota, in this Territory, and subsequently in this city, from whence he left for the mines. The invigorating atmosphere of the mountains seem to have infused new life and vigor into Orem, and made him strong and powerful. His first match in Colorado was with an English pugilist named Enoch Davis, whom he whipped after the 100th round was fought, and the belt he then won, he now holds, and is of much intrinsic value, aside from the fact that no one has dared to dispute his right to hold it." We are also given to understand that Con intends visiting our city the present winter. If so, we can guarantee him the best kind of a reception, and all the honors. Step along, Con, while you're in the humor; the boys are anxious lest you back out. Old sports and young sports, rounders, and down-towners, look for Con Orem. We may learn more particulars in a week or so.

SPARRING IN BUFFALO.—Johnny Mackey and Johnny Hickey had a joint benefit in the above city at Sportsman's Hall, on Monday, Nov 3. The attendance was both numerous and repectable. This being Mackey's first appearance since he left Liverpool, together with Hickey's recent *defi*, made things lively all around, but had the latter been going to fight either Drumgoole or Donnelly, everybody would have felt interested. The following boxers had a shake up: Johnny Connell vs. Jemmy Collins, Jim O'Donnell vs. Jim Riley, Johnny Mackey vs. a Seven Footer, Bill Conners vs. the Bar-room Clown, Johnny Hickey vs. Sam Gainsley, and for the grand finale, Johnny Mackey and Johnny Hickey. For variety, the droll Dave Wilson played a solo on the bones, and Samivel Cole sang a song, and a merry old soul is he. The two Johnnies were highly pleased with their reception, and hereby return their sincere thanks to "one and all," as Old Tovee would say.

WE THINK WE SEE IT!—A California paper gets off the following bit of conceit about two well-known boxers out that way: "Tom Daley and Jack Richardson recently gave a sparring exhibition at Howland Flat, Sierra County, during which the floor gave way, and the camphene lamps exploding, the building caught fire, through which the entire business portion of the town was burned." Believing, as we don't, all this to be thus and so, it was the roughest sparring we ever "heerd tell on."

AN OLD OPPONENT OF MORRISSEY'S.—The Bob McLaren, who seconded Sullivan against White in Australia, is neither more or less than Mr. George Thompson, Morrissey's stepping stone to the lofty posish he now holds. George is better known out there and in England as Bob McLaren, or Peter Crawley's Big Un, but here he is plain Mr. Thompson with a p. Thompson also trained Hyer for his fight with Sullivan.

OPENING NIGHT AT IZZY LAZARUS'S.—Next Saturday, Old Falstaff is to inaugurate the harmonic sing-songs at his rendezvous in Centre street. If Old Tovee happens in town, (he is now rusticating for a few days at Saratoga) he will take the chair, while Izzy "sets right opposite." Ellis will sing the "Brushmakers of Pearl Street" for the first time, and Messrs. Simeon, Dougherty, Hanavan, Golding, etc., will chime in. The Junior Izzy, or Young Sims Reeves, of course, will be there and "fine in" should there be any lagging. It's a treat to hear him alone.

# PEDESTRIANISM.

THAT $500 FOOT RACE AT CARSON CITY, CAL.—By later advices from thence, we learn that that $500 foot race, distance fifty-five yards, which was run there on the 27th, between Adams, of Denver City, and Powell, of California, was won by the latter, by *three and a half inches*. Close thing that, and speaks well for the accomplishments of the judges in the "occult sciences." How they do things thereaway, in the "pedestronic art," may be learned by the following quotations from the *Silver Age*, of that "village":—

"According to the decision of the judges, Powell won the race by three and a half inches. Jack McDougall and Reube Smith judged at the start, and decided that Adams took the start of Powell by eight inches. Tim Smith and Jack Wilde judged at the outcome,

though: they got off even; some thought Powell started ahead and came out behind; and some thought Adams started from one to three feet in advance of Powell. The judge chosen by Adams and his friends admitted that Adams got the start by eight inches, while the one chosen by Powell and his friends claimed twelve inches. Many of the interested and uninterested, unhesitatingly, loudly and publicly proclaimed that they had been swindled and 'judged out' of the race.

"Adams took the matter quite coolly, but swore most vehemently that he had 'fallen amongst the Philistines and been robbed.' Well, we can tell him now, before he continues further in his exploration of this sage buah region, that it is a very poor land in which to find and 'catch suckers.' If immigrants will come here and mix with our 'old sports'—with men who have been in the business on this coast since '49—they must expect to get squeezed a little, especially at first. Adams' friends should have known and told him this much before he went in. Of course Powell and his friends did not make the race for the purpose of losing their money. If Adams and his friends were not willing to be governed by the decision of the men chosen yesterday as judges, they should have said so before the race was run and the decision rendered. It is a very poor time, and looks extremely bad, to object to judges and their decision after it has been rendered. If men will run races and have other persons judge for them, after agreeing to be governed by the decision of the men chosen, they should quietly submit and give up their money. It is unfair to ask men to judge a race and then denounce them and their decision in unmeasured terms when it is not rendered to suit. But that is the way in which men generally receive their pay for 'thankee jobs.' If Adams and his friends think they can beat Powell, let them try with another set of judges. They can certain win ten thousand by doing it, if Adams should win the race."

The *Age* of Wednesday, Sept. 30th says:—"Mr. Adams, the Denver City racer, called at our office yesterday and requested us to state to the public, and particularly to Mr. Powell, the California racer, and his friends, that he (Adams) will run Powell, one week from next Saturday (Oct. 11th), a race of fifty-five yards, for a stake of two thousand dollars a side. Adams says he is now ready to put up a forfeit of five hundred dollars. He still insists that he was unfairly dealt with in the first race, and that he can beat Powell his own distance (fifty-five yards); and that in a distance of seventy-five yards he can beat him badly. Now, if Powell did beat Adams on Saturday, fairly and squarely, he can beat him again; and Powell's friends should have no hesitation in accepting the banter thrown out to them by Adams.

## TROTTING AND RACING IN COLORADO.

There's so much sprightliness and dash about everything they undertake hard by the Rocky Mountains, that we make room for the following races as an off-set to the sharp practices of certain gambling "managers" of horse meetings in our part of the country.

TROTTING AT DENVER CITY.—A large proportion of the sporting community assembled at the Denver race track on the 18th ult., to witness the races advertised, and invest a little of the "retoried" or a "green-back" or two on the results. Several ladies also graced the grounds with their presence. The first race on the programme—the trot between Greer's Black Ralph and Mann's Mill Boy—did not come off, for some reason, and the second class nags were called up, as follows: J. McNassar's s. Young America; J. A. Cook's b. m. Lady Page; E. A. G. Mann's g. g. Grey Stranger; and Mr. ——'s b. g. Shellbark—mile heats, best two in three, to go as they pleased.

*First Heat.*—The horses got off irregularly, Young America taking the lead, and keeping it all the way around, coming up in 3:21; Lady Page next, and the grey third. Shellbark distanced.

*Second Heat.*—On the second heat a good start was obtained, Young America soon taking the lead as before, trotting beautifully, passing the score in 3:19, and winning the purse. The Lady Page acted badly this heat, breaking several times, and once passing the black horse at full gallop, reaching the stand about four seconds behind. The grey horse got along during the afternoon.

Next came the trial between Dorsett's Red Squirrel and Cook's Fan, of Denver; stakes $100 a side, single dash of 420 yards. There was considerable betting on the result of this race, the knowing ones taking odds on the mare, notwithstanding her defeat the day before, and those who looked merely to the merits of the beast, backing Red Squirrel. It was visible to the naked eye that a *leetle* more physical exertion on the part of the rider of Red Squirrel would have saved the race for him, and prevented many expressions of ill feeling towards the managers of the course for participating in such jockeying. That the horse is the best runner, seemed to be the general opinion, as a bystander said: "Put a lariat around the mare's neck, hitch it to Red Squirrel, and he will choke her to death in five minutes." Be it as it may about the "throw off," the judges decided in favor of the mare, which came in a few feet ahead, and that settled it. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

An impromptu mule race was now gotten up, between Middaugh's sorrel and a large, handsome black one, to go around the track once. This affair created considerable fun, the black mule bolting the track, *a-la* Gilpin, for an adjacent corn field, and thereby losing the race. Another trial was had after most of the people had left, between the same animules, with a like result, and thus ended the second day of the Fall Races.

THE RACES.—The first of the Fall races over the Denver City Course occurred on Wednesday, October 22d, and drew largely both in people and "green backs." The first race was advertised to be a single dash of a mile, between Reynold's b g Bally, and Mann's s g Stranger, for $220 a side. Neither horse was in good condition, "and in consideration of $50 to him in hand paid," Mr. Reynolds agreed to change the race to half a mile, and reduce the stakes in like proportion, which was done. There was considerable betting on this race, the Stranger seeming to be the favorite at first. At the start, Bally was in advance, and the gap gradually widened, until the little bay came in proudly, some fifty feet ahead. Time, 54 seconds. Much disappointment was exhibited at the running of the Stranger, and his character as a running horse was severely handled. Next came the half mile race for a purse of $100, for which the following were entered:—Dorsett's Red Bird, McNaller's Mountain Maid, Cook's Fan of Denver, Maloney's Blackbird, and Rocky Thomas's Bally. Dorsett's horse and Cook's mare were the favorites, several gentlemen betting the mare against the field. A very good start was had, and the horses came out in this order:—Dorsett's horse first, the Mountain Maid second, (about fifteen feet behind,) Bally third, Blackbird fourth, Cook's mare bringing up the rear. A claim of foul was put in by the rider of Mountain Maid, on the ground that the black mare left her position on the track and got in his way; but it was not allowed, as it was proven that the black mare generally flies the track, and becomes unmanageable. A match was made on the ground for a trial to-day between Dorsett's horse and the Cook mare, distance 420 yards. Everything passed off pleasantly, and, strange to say, no fighting occurred. Much credit is due Mr. Deuell, and others connected with the course, for the management of the affair.

# SPORTS ABROAD.

## THE RING.

*Sporting Life, Oct. 25.*

### THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND TOM KING.—£400 AND THE CHAMPION'S BELT.—The great match for the Championship of England progresses favorably, and both men are doing as well as their respective backers can desire. Mace is still actively proceeding with his training, and is, *on dit*, shortly to have the assistance of Bob Fuller to superintend his gallops. King is now in active work and making up for any lost time by the most assiduous application to any methods for getting into condition.

PATSEY HILL AND YOUNG MELTON (PAGET'S PET), FOR £10.—These novices met on Thursday, Oct. 23, to settle their differences, but, as will be found below, got interrupted. The place named was Ash Common, near Aldershott, and Fred Oliver, with the ropes and stakes, was got down over-night, so as, if possible, to keep things quiet. The meet was at Mr. John Tupper's, before daybreak, within a mile of whose hostelry the ring was pitched; but Milton did not arrive at the seat of action for some time, and then, ere they could get to business, the police put their veto on further proceedings. A move was at once made, every available vehicle being called into requisition, some seven miles were got over, across country, until Crooksbury Hill, near Waverly, was reached, and here, thinking the police were off the scent, the ring was again formed, and the lads prepared for work. Hill, who was backed from Tupper's, and had been looked after by Johnny Walker, of Stoney Stratford, was seconded by his trainer and old Puggy, while Melton, who was backed from Mr. Paget's, was esquired by Scotty Rogers (an old opponent of Gillam's) and Ben Bailey. Fred Oliver undertook the office of referee. Both looked well and confident, and weighed about 8st 81b or 8st 12lb. On commencing the fight, Melton, who was decidedly the cleverest, took a strong lead, and gained the first blood in the second round, which Hill balanced in the tenth round, by getting the first knock-down blow. Thus the fight continued up to the nineteenth round, Melton repeatedly planting on his adversary, who fought very gamely, when, after they had been fighting thirty-two minutes, again the cry of "Police" was raised, and a superintendent and his men were seen approaching, and hostilities had to be again suspended. Several other places were tried, but it was of no avail, for the police, who had a cart, followed until darkness came on, and the articles being so loosely drawn up that the referee had no power of naming another day, the matter was left for the friends of the men to come to some agreement.

POSH PRICE AND JOE GOSS.—A DISGRACEFUL HOAX.—In reference to the match between these men, again have the sporting public been doomed to disappointment—on the present occasion by a foolish but yet successful stratagem, as, on Wednesday Oct. 22, hosts were sent on a "wild goose chase," through a rumor being widely circulated to the effect that Goss and Price had privately met, late on Tuesday evening, and arranged to fight on the following day; in confirmation of which a certain eccentric bacchanalian, of High street, Birmingham, engaged a pair-horse break, accompanied by several well-known members of the P.R., and exhibited Master Posh, the "hero of eighteen battles," warmly wrapped up in blankets, to keep his courage from cooling, and to give the affair an appearance of genuineness. So well did the ruse take, that every available vehicle was at once picked up and brought into requisition, and hundreds could be seen flying in the direction of Sutton, the report having gone abroad that the men would meet at the Half-way House, Meer Pool, to arrange preliminaries, and a glorious harvest it proved to the fortunate host of that antiquated roadside tavern. To the great surprise of the many, no Goss was there, and the cheat being kept up, the cry was, "Forward to Litchfield," some eight miles further on, the race-course of that ancient city being named for the battle-field; it being further represented that Goss would certainly put in an appearance there. A few of the knowing ones, suspecting something wrong, determined on a halt, and retraced their steps homewards, while the great bulk, whose faith was of an enduring kind, and who were wrapped up in the undertaking, proceeded in the track, only to be made the dupes of this foolish plot, as the secret now came out; and with heavy hearts and elongated visages, these pleasure-seeking voyagers returned only to receive the ridicule of their friends at home, who had timely got in "the know." We must, as in duty bound, exonerate Goss from any participation in this ridiculous affair, as we feel confident he would not lend himself to anything so deceptive toward his friends. Moreover, our correspondent found that, while all this was going on, Goss was domiciled at Gloucester, superintending a booth at the races.

## PEDESTRIANISM.

### DEERFOOT, THE AMERICAN INDIAN,

AND

### JACKSON, THE AMERICAN DEER.

*THE PEDESTRIAN SWINDLES EXPOSED.*

An action tried at the Wandsworth County Court, on Thursday, Oct. 23, "woke up" the ordinary visitors of such places, where the usual cases decided are generally found to be with "tally-men," who have gammoned the wives of working men to invest in their "duberous" wares. The case in question afforded a rich treat, not alone to the parties more especially interested, but to the general public, who like a joke, and are more able to enjoy it when anything transpires by which the "secrets of the prison house" are brought to light—how races are run and won—how the noblest of our sports may be made to pander to the gew-gaw speculation of any who may venture—and successfully—to gull the thousands who will, in their inherent feeling and good desire to support manly exercises, give their support. The scene that occurred at Wandsworth was a paltry "county court" affair, and the evidence adduced, the remarks of the judge, the counsel, and the British public, will best speak for itself in the following *resume* of the proceedings:—

The plaintiff sued in his proper name to recover a sum for wages due. William Howitt is better known in the sporting world as Jackson, the "American Deer." It appeared that the defendant, Martin, had engaged the "Deer" to go with the "human circus," as likely to draw, from the great name that Jackson had acquired. From the evidence adduced, the speculation was a failure, and when they came to Petersborough, the "clan" was summarily dismissed, with a promise on the part of Mr. Martin to pay hereafter, and to make up for all past deficiences.

The plaintiff was examined by Mr. Haynes, and said that he had been in the sporting world for many years, and was engaged by the defendant, who had agreed to give him a certain sum.

By the judge: What is your name?

Plaintiff: I am better known as Jackson.

His Honor: I know. You are generally called the "American Deer."

Plaintiff: Just so, your honor. The plaintiff then went into a minute history of his engagement with Martin, the proprietor of the circus; how at Peterborough the business had been so bad that defendant said he must leave the balance due till more prosperous times; and this, with only £2 paid out of £4, for one week's salary, made up the claim of £6, for which the famed "Deer" sought to recover.

Mr. George Martin, the defendant, was next examined, and flatly denied that he owed the plaintiff anything. He did not remember anything, had no memorandum of anything, and had he been forced to bring his papers, it would have required a sack to hold them.

Thus far the affair had only assumed a mere matter of arrangement as between the employer and the employed, and the case merely rested as to the credibility to be attached to the plaintiff or defendant, when a "sensation" scene took place in cross-examination by Mr. Haynes, who appeared for the plaintiff, and elicited that men who could give Deerfoot long starts were to run in certain positions; that the "Indian" was to win, to keep up the excitement; that, by a preconcerted move of his book, Martin, while apparently keeping the rounds, was to give the office to the men whether to go "slower or faster," as the case might be; in fact, that at all hazards "Deerfoot" must win.

The Judge: Why, here is an end of the affair; it is an illegal concern, and discreditable to all parties concerned.

Mr. Haynes said that he was afraid the mentioning of these facts would militate against the fair chance of his client, but it would be as well to proceed if his honor would allow him to do so.

The judge: Then go on, Mr. Haynes.

Mr. Haynes (to Jackson): Were you the "Clown" of the circus?

Jackson: I was.

Mr. Haynes: Did you run to orders?

Jackson: I did—I was to run according to what Mr. Martin ordered me to do; second, third, fourth, or fifth, as the case might be.

Mr. Haynes: Were the rest of the troupe under the same orders?

Jackson: I can only speak positively for myself, but I imagine that all were the same, as they could have given starts to the Indian. The evidence went to show that the Indian was to win to keep up the excitement; that by a move of his book, preconcerted, Martin, while apparently keeping the rounds, was to give the office whether to go "slower or faster," as the case might be.

John Brighton, the celebrated runner, and Richard Lewis, gave their evidence, the latter especially being complimented for his straightforward manner. Their evidence did not, however, in any way affect the merits of the case; only Brighton, in answer to Mr. Haynes, said, "What else could Jackson be but the clown, as he can't run against such young 'uns as us."

Mr. Haynes then addressed the court on behalf of his client, the "American Deer," and strongly denounced the conduct of Mr. Martin for endeavoring to get out of a fair arrangement.

His Honor: The affair is altogether illegal, and this exposure ought to open the eyes of the public.

Mr. Haynes: I was afraid, and told my client so, that the fact of his agreeing to run second, third, or fourth, as the case might be, would act against him. But here is an implied contract between master and servant, and I must hope for your honor's favorable decision.

His Honor said: I have heard the statement of Jackson, the plaintiff, and, notwithstanding the defendant and his witnesses, I am bound to believe what the "American Deer" has said; and my duty would be at once to order that the defendant pay over the £6 claimed. Here is an agreement made by the defendant to run false races, and men like Jackson are compelled to allow the "Indian" to win.

The Judge (addressing Jackson): I would at once order this money to be paid to you, which I am certain is your due, and much regret that a man of your fame as a pedestrian should lend yourself to such a dishonorable transaction. I will take time to consider the decision I will ultimately give; but all your expenses will be allowed, and should my decision be adverse to your getting the money, you will then have an opportunity of taking it to another tribunal.

"The Judge, again rising, asked, "Are there any reporters here?" and being answered in the affirmative, added the following remarks:—"My avocations will not allow me to see such sports as pedestrianism, but I like to hear and read of the *athletæ*, and much regret that these unseemly proceedings have taken place. What—is there no honor? and the clown, who runs fourth to-day, is to be first to-morrow? I trust that you (addressing the reporters) will convey my strong opinion of such disgraceful affairs. I must take time to consider my decision."

As is usual on such occasions, and when the *troupe* was defeated, there were the usual windy threats made, which the Judge at once set at rest, by remarking, "I understand, Jackson, that you have been threatened by the defendant. If any one molests you I will commit him for a month, and the officer shall see you safe to the station."

Such was the termination of the trial. The part played by Jackson and the rest, is of a nature to call forth the highest indignation. We trust never to see any branch of sport again so degraded by such disgraceful shams and frauds upon the public. If pedestrianism has failed to take any lasting hold on the respectable portion of the public, it is from there justly being a suspicion that many pretended matches are not on a much better footing than those revealed to us by the proceedings in the case of Howitt v. Martin. If Deerfoot can do what George Martin pretends he can, the sooner he is allowed to do it, the better for the credit of everybody concerned.

# THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 247.

## NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Reynolds, Burgess, Thomas & Newcomb's Minstrels, had a gay week ending on the 8th at Buffalo. Charley Reynolds, Cool Burgess and other boys in the band are good performers, and give people the worth of their money. The juggiery and ventriloquism of Mons. Charisca are somewhat questionable for propriety in this connection. The "free gift" biz. might as well be omitted altogether.

At Sanford's Opera House, Philadelphia, this week, a new song is to be introduced. It is entitled, "O! Give us a Navy of Iron," and is the production of Mr. Williamson, of the *Inquirer*. Sanford's version of Uncle Tom's Cabin is also announced, in addition to a burlesque on Romeo and Juliet. Mr. Sanford is up for a benefit on the 13th. We hope he will be remembered on the occasion.

We take the following from the Toronto *Leader* of Tuesday, Nov. 4th:—"EVENING CONCERTS.—The building known as Lamb's Hotel, on King street, has been rented by Turner & Davis' Minstrels. It is the intention of the managers to inaugurate a series of evening concerts at a low figure, and if those entertainments prove to be of so high an order as promised, the company should be well supported. If properly conducted, the concerts will fill a void in the way of amusements which has long been felt in this city.

## MUSIC HALLS.

Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., did a splendid business last week. Kathleen O'Neil is playing a great engagement there. In fact, people have been turned away for want of room to accommodate all who sought admittance. The company performing at this house comprises the Misses Clara Berger, Nellie Huntley, Emma Whiting, Fannie Ellison, Kitty Lee, M'lle Edith, Millie Thompson; Messrs. Geo. Warren, Hugh Dougherty, M. A. Hardy, T. F. Mackay, J. Wilson, Frank Thompson, H. Andrews, and a ballet corps. W. C. Smythe is the lessee and manager, and he bids fair to make his hall the popular resort for Pittsburghers.

Charles Whitney, formerly with Spaulding & Rogers' Circus, and afterwards in the U. S. Army, which he was obliged to leave on account of ill health, is now the treasurer of the Baltimore Melodeon, under the management of Mr. Geo. Lea. There are now performing at the Melodeon, Andy Leavitt, Mulligan, Gallagher, Foster, Winnie, Sargent, Black, Gettings; Misses Ernestine de Father, Louise, the Female Drummer, etc. Johnny Pierce has also been engaged.

Kathleen O'Neil, who hit 'em so hard at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, will probably appear at Fox's Casino, Philadelphia, on the 17th. Under Mr. Fox's management, at the Canterbury, New York, Miss O'Neil made her first appearance in this country, and now she is about to play another engagement with her first manager, in another city.

Melodeon Music Hall, St. Louis, is doing a fair business, under the management of Joe Gibbs.

A company from St. Louis give performances every Sunday night at Carondolet. The event of the 2d was a trial dance for a silver cup.

Washington promises to be gayer than ever this season, and one of the most promising signs is the opening of the Washington Varieties by Albert Hamblin & Co. on the 22d. It has been fitted up in admirable style for both audience and performers. A first-class company is being formed. A. M. Hernandez is acting manager, and James Pilgrim stage manager—a good team at drawing, and can play on any instrument, from a French horn (or any other kind of horn) to a penny whistle. Professionals in various branches would do well to examine the advertisement of this concern, and make their election sure for a seat in that congress, if not otherwise engaged. Washington audiences will govern themselves accordingly.

The Duval Sisters have made a "change of base;" instead of going to Washington, they opened at the Melodeon, Milwaukee, Oct. 28th. Rosa has played an eleven month's engagement at Beller's, Detroit, and gained many admirers for her talent, beauty and modesty. So says Mohawk.

The Misses Emma Marsh and Ida Ross have left the Varieties, Detroit, and opened at Carr's Melodeon, Buffalo. Miss Dora Dawron, the double voiced singer, is creating quite a sensation at the same place. Mohawk says she opens at the Varietes, Detroit, Nov. 10.

The Lascelle Brothers (Flying Trapeze) and Miss Louise (slack-wire) made their first bow at the Varieties, Detroit, Nov. 3, and were well received.

Mr. Charles Covelli, late stage manager at Beller's, Detroit, has gone to Milwaukee, and opened at the Melodeon.

Signor Bliss and son opened at Beller's, Detroit, last week; also, M'lle. Flora (danseuse).

Washington is not to be left out in the cold this winter, in the way of amusements. Theatres and music halls will make the city unusually lively. Canterbury Hall is one of the prominent places now open, and a good company has been engaged by its proprietors, Messrs. Geo. Percival & Co. We give a few of the names of the most prominent performers, viz:—Miss Kate Pennoyer, Miss Julia Mortimer, and Miss Agnes Sutherland, three most excellent artists.

They have a Fox and a Wolf in the music hall business in Philadelphia, both cunning and shrewd in their operations.

Concerning music halls in Philadelphia, "Myrtle," a correspondent, sends us the following items:—"At Butler's Melodeon, things run along smoothly, for a place so far up-town. M'lle Ravel, tight-rope and Spanish *danseuse*, is here; Miss Nellie Taylor, vocalist, is also at the Melodeon, but I believe she leaves for Washington, accompanied by a certain young lady in the Terpsichorean art. On Monday, 10th, the vacancy will be filled by Miss Clara Harrington, formerly of your city. J. S. Maffitt is still at the Melodeon, and does the pantomime biz.....Fox's Casino still boasts of having the two best dancers in the world; they are M'lle Galletti and Mons. Velarde; and who ever doubts it had better step into the Casino and judge for themselves. The Casino's patrons are daily increasing, a result of the admirable way in which Manager Fox carries on business in Philadelphia. There are two things that are sadly needed at the Casino—one is a good stage manager, the other a vocalist of the feminine gender. Fattie Stewart and other nigs do the burnt cork biz. Kathleen O'Neil and P. W. Ward are underlined for the Casino.....The Continental gets along extremely well for such a huge place. Although M'lle Ravel has left this place, it still retains M'lle Helene, and the sisters Augusta and Marie, who are great favorites here. The two Budworths do the nigger biz., assisted by Brown and Raymond, and osmetimes by Harry Leslie. G. H. Moreste, gymnast, and Franklin, do the muscle biz. Harry Leslie's pantomime of "Ione, or the Maiden's Dream," was produced here last Monday. It speaks a little for Harry, and gives him a chance to show his pantomimic abilities..... Annie Rush had a liberal offer from Mr. Beller, for an engagement of two months. I have not heard whether she has accepted it or not.....The Canterbury, Wray's, and other minor places of public amusement cannot complain of business."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Miss Nellie M. White gave a concert in Lebanon, N. H., on the 4th inst., Hough's Cornet Band assisted.

Donaldson, the rope walker, and Harry Gilbert, pantomimist, were in Columbus, Ohio, at last accounts. Since leaving New York, they have performed in Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, and Columbus. On the 17th of November they open in Louisville, then to Indianapolis again, and back to Cincinnati, for the holidays. Donaldson is a daring rope walker, and has been well received, wherever he has appeared upon the rope walk; so also with regard to Harry Gilbert, the young American pantomimist. Among their performances is the impalement feat, Donaldson throwing the knives, while Gilbert is made the target.

Little Dollie Dutton wound up a nine-day wonder of an exhibition at Montreal, on the 11th inst., and seems to be very popular among our Canadian friends. Afternoon and evening Dollie was in demand.

The cold weather has already "arriv" in Montreal, with snow and slush a foot deep. When Willie Barnesmore Pape gave his farewell performance in that city, two or three weeks ago, it was "on such a night as this." However, Master Willie's friends mustered to the number of a hundred and forty-seven; Miss Cameron's readings had only ten auditors; while Professor Anderson's "second sight" could only count $19 in quarters! Quite time to "tak yer auld cloak aboot ye."

People do say that Heller has a "fighting manager," a sort of Pet Chicken, Sykesy, etc., who "runs with the machine." Our Cincinnati contemporaries talk as if they had seen the article. For our part, "we don't see it." Do you, "Stree-yanger?"

Artemus Ward is announced to "speak a piece," in Morgan Hall, Meridan, Conn., on the 11th inst. Morgan Hall will be a merry den when the great showman lets out, for if he can't make the laugh come, it will be because there is no laugh there.

Rev. A. L. Stone, of Boston, who kissed all the young girls when he set sail for Europe, and left the old ones for the deacons to kiss, lectured at Morgan Hall, Meriden, Conn., on the 3d inst. Does this rolling Stone gather any moss?

Master Willie Barnesmore Pape has made the grand tour of the principal towns in Canada, and given his farewell concert in Montreal. At the latter city, our young countryman had the patronage of Lord Frederick Paulet, who has given the youthful pianist a letter to Queen Victoria's Lord Chamberlain, in order to obtain an introduction at the British court after the royal family are out of mourning, in case Master Willie should go to England just to let our cousins over there learn whether Americans have any boys who can "play the pianner." We take much pride in Master Willie, and he has doubtless found out that the N. Y. CLIPPER has "some influence at court," if we may judge by the eagerness with which British officers usually patronize this paper and send it over to their sporting and theatrical friends in Europe. Lord Monck, Earl Mulgrave, and other provincial governors, gave their most liberal patronage. The officers of the 47th Regt., 16th Regt., and other garrison regiments, also welcomed the young Southerner with their influence. Thus Master Willie may learn that whenever a true artist has the voice of the people, he may always be welcome among the highest dignitaries in any land, because the latter well know the fraternizing allegiance which all of us owe to the great republic of art. Snobs and pretenders never can understand this. They and their "awfully respectable" papers should therefore be avoided by all rising young artists.

From Canada, we have a few items from the "Old Man," whose epistle is dated Quebec, Nov. 5th:—FRIEND QUEEN: There is nothing very interesting to figure up this week. The Mrs. W. B. English's Great Original Ravel Troupe (muchly on the great) have been performing here since Wednesday of last week—they draw pretty well, and give very good satisfaction.....Montreal has been high on the show biz. Prof. Anderson, (ye worlde renownede,) Dollie Dutton, the Theatre Royal, with the Webb Sisters, and two or three concert parties, lecturers, steeplechases, last of all a suspended exhibition.....The Burgess party—styling themselves the Duprez & Green's Minstrels, were at Niagara last week—get big puffing—the boys are doing very fair. .....Linden has a lone hand just now at Toronto, and I believe biz. is getting up—it orter, for Harry is deserving of better treatment than he has received. The *Leader* appears to have *quelched*—time.....Speaking of Toronto, what will the b'hoy Johnny do now, to fill up—since Y. C. has been consigned to the tomb—not of the Capulets.....In Quebec we have been for the last few days—no, not exactly in Quebec—but in snow, rain, hail, mud, and slush. Weather devilish disagreeable. Shipping pretty much cleaned out. The Ariadne (26)—480 men, is in the harbor.

Prof. Siddons, with his beautiful and accomplished daughters, are at present stopping in Detroit, and intend giving a series of dramatic readings in a few weeks.

Companies likely to visit Louisville will be glad to learn that the Masonic Temple is now ready for occupation, and may be engaged in advance by addressing Robt. Mathews there. It has many recommendations, not only on account of modern improvements and recent building, but of its architectural formation in favor of acoustic clearness and musical resonance. The front accommodations will seat twelve hundred persons, and the interior "fixins" are described by several professional friends as tip-top. See the advertisement of Robt. C. Mathews.

Mr. Hackett opened at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, on the 3d inst., to a fine house, and business was also fair on the 4th and 5th. He closed his engagement on the 8th, and is followed this week by Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway.

The Robinson-Wallack-Adams three-abreast party commence biz. to-night (19th) at the Howard, Boston. The bill is "The Hunchback" and "A Race for a Widow." The public will see where the traces pull, or, in other words, the running or trotting.

So far as we can learn, the first adaptation of "Les Miserables" yet produced on any stage, was brought out at San Francisco recently. June Booth was the Jean Valjean, Charles Pope the kind Bishop, and Julia Dean Hayne the Fantine. Of course it is only the first story of the series.

Charlotte Thompson seems to survive the threatened lawsuits lately leveled at her. On leaving the Metropolitan, Buffalo, Lotty is followed by Emma Waller, Isabel Cubas and troupe, Joseph Proctor, etc. Managers count Lotty as "a good egg."

Milwaukee has its Melodeon as well as other cities, and we are glad to hear that encouraging business is doing there. Mr. Jno. Seigerson is the proprietor, and J. Clark Wells the stage manager. Miss Lizzie Delmar is the stage attraction. A first-class danseuse is wanted. See advertisement.

The Black Swan dipped into the Music Hall, New Haven, Ct., Nov. 8th.

Pearson & Co. remained three days longer than anticipated last week, in Brewster's Hall, New Haven, Ct.

Mons. Gilbault, in Montreal, who now rejoices in the title of "the Barnum of the Canadas," is this year making fresh additions to his gardens, and opens a new building on his account as a hippodrome and amphitheatre on the 10th. This new hal is about two hundred feet long, by a hundred in width. A circus company has been engaged, and a dramatic company is now performing. T. R. Toole is the general manager.

Prof. Anderson's recent farewell visit to Montreal has caused us to "reckon" his career of performances. In England, Scotland, and Ireland, 3,121 times; on the European Continent, 893: in the Oriental provinces, 337; in Australia and Tasmania, 401; in the islands of the Pacific, 12; in California, 205; in the U. S. on the Atlantic, 1,307; in the Canadas, 141—total, 6,407 times. This shows that the Professor has been a "recht guid" horse in his time, doing the retro-reminiscent-clairvoyant-and-psychical-invision after "the siller."

The Hanlon Brothers, with their agent, Mr. Finch, arrived at Valparaiso, South America, from San Francisco, on the 24th September, after having been at sea fifty-one days. We have already given notice of their success in California. At the close of their engagement there, they were about to return to New York; but just before making arrangements for their departure, Mr. Torrence (formerly stage carpenter at the old Bowary, but now one of the monied men of San Francisco) offered them terms for a series of exhibitions in South America. His offer—so much for each performance, and all expenses—was accepted, and on Aug. 4th they embarked on board the clipper ship "Wild Pigeon," for Valparaiso, where they arrived, as above stated, after a succession of adverse and baffling gales, and having sailed upwards of eight thousand miles, without once catching a glimpse of land. On the passage, Tom Hanlon caught with hook and pork an albatross, measuring, from tip to tip, eleven feet three inches; his bill was nine inches, and whole length of head, fourteen. The boys had great sport with him. The Hanlons are engaged to give eighty-four exhibitions in South America, the first of which was to have taken place in Valparaiso, Chili, on the 2d of October. From Valparaiso they go to Santiago, and from thence to Callao and Lima, Peru, and intermediate minor towns.

The Dobson Brothers, Chas. E. and Geo. C. Dobson, have been engaged by P. T. Barnum, and make their first appearance to-night at the Aquarial Gardens, Boston.

The Holman Troupe, after showing in Springfield, Ill., went to Jacksonville for three nights, then returned to Springfield for three nights, and afterwares went north by way of Bloomington.

Master Pape, the youthful pianist, gave a farewell concert in Montreal last week. He will revisit the western portion of the province previous to leaving for Europe.

The Zanfretta-Seagrist-Ravel Troupe are performing in Quebec to fair biz.

The first of Gilmore's Series of Grand Concerts at the Boston Music Hall has been postponed until the 15th.

Manager Cutting now expects to open the New Aquarial Gardens, in Boston, as early as the 17th.

A Mr. Geo. Henry Russell is exhibiting some panoramic scenes of the war, at Mechanics' Hall, Hamilton, C. W. Mr. Russell says his panorama exhibits with "wonderful accuracy, the great *Southern victories* under Stonewall Jackson, Lee, Beauregard, etc., etc." This may answer for the Canadas, but does not Mr. Russell give the victories to the North when he exhibits his panorama in the loyal States? We shall watch Mr. Russell and his panorama.

## AMATEUR.

PHILADELPHIA ASSOCIATIONS.—The Trovatoria D. A. did not perform "London Assurance," as had been announced for their benefit on the 4th, but substituted "The White Horse of the Peppers," an old favorite in which the members usually feel easy. They also gave "Robert Macaire." Upon the whole, a very fair performance.....On the 5th, the Wheatley D. A. gave "The Toodles," Mr. Weir personating Toodles for the first time. Unfortunately, he made a timid Toodles, but there need be no doubt that he will toodle Toodles better next time it is repeated. .....On the 12th, the Wheatley D. A. intend giving "The Drunkard," with T. D. Kelley as Edward Middleton, a character in which he has already achieved some merit and confidence.

## FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Is it so? So it is. Dion Boucicault takes possession of Astley's Amphitheatre, and William Batty steps out to raise carrots and feed his favorite horses on his own farm. A volume might be written on this subject—the careers of Astley, Ducrow, and William Batty. For nearly thirty-four years has "The Wild Horse of Tartary" been going his spectacular pace, and now—well, well, the sacred old temple in the Lambeth Road was made over to Brother Boucicault on the 1st Nov., and the rush of Londoners for a "last chance" with "Mazeppa" was immense. Neither Astley nor Ducrow could tell whether they held their prayer-books upside down or not, and have left some awfully traditionary curses on any literary man who might presume to touch the old temple, especially the arena. However, Brother Batty has done well, and we hope to see Brother Boucicault do better, if any difference. The principal difference, in our guess, is, that Boucicault will want to make a fortune (or lose one) in a season or two, while William Batty retires not only honored but beloved by all whoever knew him.

Comically enough, Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," a favorite for more than twenty years, was never produced at the Royal English Opera House, London, until the 13th Oct., 1862. Susan Pyne was the Gypsy Queen, H. Corri the Devilshoof, and W. Harrison the Thaddeus. Many bets having been made on this subject, on this side of the Atlantic, we now fix the date of "the real Simon Pure."

There are four first-class theatres now open in St. Petersburgh—the Marie, the Russian, the Italian Opera, and the French Comedy. All doing well.

George Owen, the tragedian, having broken one of his legs, by a serious accident, his wife very naturally came forward to give him a helping hand when getting well, and the two commenced an engagement at South Shields on the 20th Oct.

From Tasmania, we learn that the Theatre Royal, Hobart Town, did a fair biz. all through July. In "Medea" the heroine of Mrs. Poole and the Jason of H. N. Warner were much applauded.

Mrs. Henderson has not gone to Southampton, as stated by a Pittsburgh correspondent, but was still at the New Adelphi, Liverpool, Eng., where she had been re-engaged. The last letter from her agent stated that she would only remain two weeks in Liverpool, but since it was written, the lady has been induced to extend her engagement.

Sam Cowell has met with or tumbled into a severe accident. It appears that while traveling on his tour in South Wales, he was obliged to "take the stage" between Newtowra and Aberystwith. A wheel broke, Sam was thrown out as if picking up "Boots at the Swan," and one of his legs so much injured that he had to live on a cow-heel diet for about three weeks, but commenced biz. again at Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on the 18th October.

Barry Sullivan arrived safely at Melbourne, and opened as Hamlet at the Theatre Royal, on the 9th Aug. He subsequently played Richelieu and Richard III., the latter taking down our Australian friends with the most enthusiastic effect. Joey Gougenheim was the Ophelia to his Hamlet. The houses were crammed, but great fault was found with the stock company.

Inquiries are being made somewhat persistently now in England, as to whether the characters of Lord Dundreary and Asa Trenchard should be considered as fair types of their respective classes and nations. Thus the monkey looks behind the looking-glass.

While Boucicault has been dramatizing "The Seige of Lucknow," we now have the luck to inform our readers that some amateurs in London have been forming an association called the Union Club, and gave their first performance in public on the 21st Aug. There was a prologue, but, unfortunately, Mr. Prologue (like Bobby Miles) broke down with the weight of his own contemplations. The bill was "The Mummy," "Hunting a Turtle," and "The Fearful Tragedy of the Seven Dials." Altogether, the performances were praiseworthy and promising. The officers and band of the British 48th Regt. contributed much to the pleasure of the evening. The lady amateurs were particularly promising. A second performance was to take place the following week. "Dinna ye hear the slogan" of progress?

We now learn that it was not Walter Crosby who played Landry at the New Adelphi, Liverpool, to Ettie Henderson's Panchon, when "Panchon" was recently produced at that house, but Walter Banks, who thus made a first appearance. Walter Crosby was not far off.

Miss Eleanor Ward, the handsome and brilliant young pianiste, has been playing with immense success at Greenwich and elsewhere. On the 9th October she performed at a grand concert by particular request of the officers of the Tower Hamlets Volunteers, an aristocratic military organization of London, and her engagements for the ensuing season are coming in thick and fast. We shall from time to time keep our readers apprized of this talented artiste's movements.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 20 Ann street, New York.

# NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1862.

CHAMPIONSHIP BILLIARD MATCH.—The United States do not monopolize this sort of match, altogether, for on the 4th of August, so it is recorded, Messrs. Lamb and Townsend met to play for the Championship of Victoria, and £1000, or $5000, which Lamb won by fifty-nine points in one thousand.

## MEN, MANNERS, AND THINGS IN ENGLAND,

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY OUR CABIN BOY.

*NEW SERIES—NUMBER SEVEN.*

WRONG SIDE UP—PLEA FOR FREE LUNCHES, ETC.—BIG PENNIES—THE "SOHO BREED"—INTERMARRIAGE BAD FOR THE "KIDS."

Until very recently, or within a few years, the copper coin of England was of the clumsiest form imaginable in contrast to your comical little jokers, the nickels. Like everything else, the people wanted their money's worth, and wouldn't be contented with anything less than an ounce of copper for a penny. It is remarkable how they go in for all they can get at small prices, particularly in bar rooms. I've known men to jaw for half an hour because a bar-woman wouldn't blow the froth off a pint of porter or fourpenny and fill chock up with the swipes, while the whole jug full didn't come to more than four cents. Just fancy a New York boy growling over a thing like this! Why, among the crowds I used to ramble with, after a certain pass, it was always the other way, whereas, if a man called for a "small ale" here they'd think him a "bloody fool"—that's just what they would think, if their thoughts were expressed in the Queen's English. A rounder with you will call for his brandy, gin, or what-not, just to be sociable, and sling it over his shoulder on the sly, rather than drink it. If you did anything like that in England, I'll be hanged if I don't think they would get a fellow arrested. Just ask any man who ever traveled this way about the quarterns of gin, three ha'peths of rum, and penneths of porter, and such a one will tell you as I do, that unless it is dealt out "good measure, pressed down and shaken together," there is likely to be a squall. Then again, when I told the pretty bar-maids how we managed things by letting every man help himself out of a decanter, they rejoined right plump that I was "taking leave of my senses," and laughed me to scorn: it would be far easier to make them believe that pigs fly or dead rabbits swim, than to get them to swallow this, or anything else from Yankee land. This custom would never answer here, though, as a general thing; it might in a first-class hotel, like the Adelphi, in Liverpool, or Manager Henderson's bar-room, connected with the Prince of Wales Theatre, Clayton Square, and a couple more places "where Americans most do congregate," but woe betide the licensed victualler who starts a hotel on such principles, either in Birmingham, Manchester, or London. You can't imagine how I miss the free-lunch places, Captain—why, damn it all, plenty of fellows live altogether on free lunches and two horns of whiskey per diem, don't they now? Just ask Charley Romer, Steinfeld, or the Musty Ale Man, and see if it ain't so. Thus save those who are to come—youngsters will come, you know, in spite of the devil, Madame Restell, Dr. Trumblety, or any other secessionist. May the day soon dawn when the Soho Breed shall be no longer a sneer and a bye-word on the face of the earth, or the sea, or up the mountains. So mote it be.

It don't appear to me I've satisfactorily explained this copper business; you won't get no more about it now, though. By letters to hand, it appears you have almost forgotten what specie looks like; so, lest I set you hankering after it, my remarks are somewhat curtailed in this brilliant essay on the financial crisis. (There's language for a Cabin Boy! remarks the Captain of the Saucy Concern.) Where's your Ciceros and Demostheneses now? Fetch 'em out, or own up licked.

MOONSTRUCK MILLIONAIRE—MONUMENT TO PERROT'S FOLLY—"DO YOU REALLY THINK HE DID?"

Of all the silly specimens of moon-struck masculinity, Monsieur Perrot beats the whole pack. I can appreciate a feller who loves a pretty woman, and all that sort of thing, whether she be a double or a single angel, so long as he don't make an ass of himself like this dried up old rooster. There are a hundred little ways of showing your feelings without being obnoxious to anybody, or getting daylight knocked through your innards by an exasperated husband, so galliant and gay. Perrot might have known this as well as we do, and been content to please his adorable Lucinda Arabella Pink Saucer by a proper sphere of action, instead of the repugnant course he adopted. But, hear me for his cause. Once upon a time there was a rich man named Perrot, who accumulated a large fortune in silver and gold; he became enamored of a lovely damsel, who didn't reciprocate—didn't believe in May and December unions, with all his fine promises and well-filled stockings. Unlike most men who have been baffled off, he only persevered the more, until his attentions (?) got to be annoying. The lady couldn't walk out without her heavy-headed tormentor following on the trail, nor would he allow her rest and contentment at any time, whether in season or out of season. To show she really meant the "cold shoulder" for him, and the "warm shoulder" for another, she married a good-looking fellow (like Bonny-faced George, for instance) on a very short acquaintance, and moved out of town to a place called Edgbaston, where the lovver's parients lived. What do you think the old fool did then? "Oh, thought no more about it, perhaps." Quite the contrary. Deprived of all chances of intercourse, he actually bought a piece of property right opposite her abode, and erected a lofty monument, so that he could, by the aid of a spy-glass, watch her promenade in the garden! He would perch himself up there every fine day for hours at a time, merely to catch a glimpse of his idol as she took an airing. Now, I'm not very well posted in Scripture, but believe there's a text to the effect that "He that looketh upon a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." If that's so, Old Perrot has a heap of imaginary sins to answer for, and so have we all, Brothers Beecher and Greeley included. It's no use trying to back out of this, or why do you strain your eyes and distend your nostrils at every pretty leg or low-necked dress? Answer me that, ye divils, and I'm satisfied. Well, at last the poor fellow, Perrot, died, but the monument still remains, and is to this day called Perrot's Folly.

MORAL.—When going courtin', think of poor Perrot, and if sobeit the girl don't seem to like you pretty good, "let her went"—yes, "let her went."

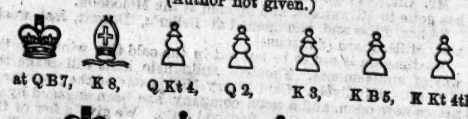
## THE GAME OF CHESS.

NAPOLEON AND CHESS.—The *Era* gives the following item of Napoleon's chess, remarking that it may be new to its readers. It is well known that many of the great Emperor's Generals, and most of his Marshals were chess-players; Murat, Berthier, Eugene, and some others, being among the most expert. Bourriene says: 'He played also at Chess, but very rarely, because indifferently; and liked not being beaten at this game, which passes, one knows not well why, for a pretended imitation of the great game of war. At that, Bonaparte feared no one. I remember, at Mantua, his losing a game to Gen. Beauvoir, reckoned one of the best players in Europe, who gave him odds. Beauvoir requested Bonaparte to point out any Pawn with which checkmate should be given, declaring the game lost if the P were taken. Bonaparte selected the last on his adversary's right, and with that P Beauvoir actually gave him checkmate. Bonaparte was anything but well pleased. He liked very well to play with me, however, because though the superior, I was not so much so as to gain always. When successful he would give over playing to rest on his laurels."

### ENIGMA No. 354.

*From Bell's Life.*

(Author not given.)



at QB7, K 8, Q Kt 4, Q 2, K 3, KB 5, K Kt 4th.

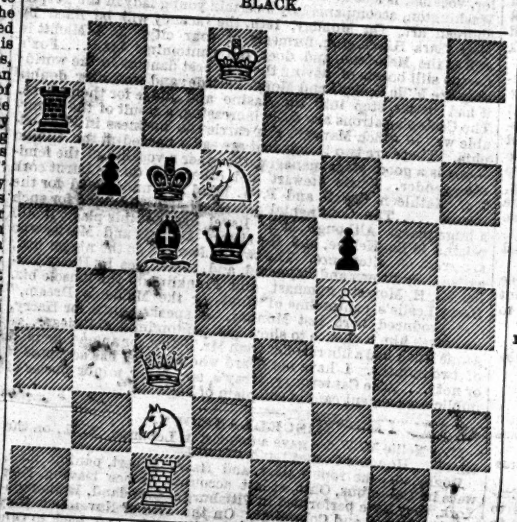
at Q 4, Q Kt 3, K 5, KB 3d,

White to play and give mate in nine moves.

### PROBLEM No. 354.

BY LOUIS GOLDSMID.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

### GAME No. 354,

Played at the "Morphy Chess Rooms" between our contributor John Schlesinger and C. H. Stanley, Esq.

EVANS GAMBIT.

| Attack, Schlesinger. | Defence, Stanley. | Attack, Schlesinger. | Defence, Stanley. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 16..Q Kt × B | P to Q B 3 |
| 2..K Kt-B 3 | Q Kt-B 3 | 17..Q Kt-B 3 | P-Q 4 |
| 3..K B-B 4 | K B-B 4 | 18..P-K 6 (b) | B P × P |
| 4..P-Q Kt 4 | B × Kt P | 19..K R × P | Q Kt-B 3 (c) |
| 5..P-Q B 3 | B-Q B 4 | 20..Q-her 3 | Q- her 2 |
| 6..Castles | P-Q 3 | 21..Q-Kt 6 + | K-Q sq |
| 7..P-Q 4 | K P × P | 22..Q-K B 6 | K R-K sq |
| 8..B P × P | K B-Kt 3 | 23..Q R-K sq | P-K Kt 5 |
| 9..Q Kt-B 3 | Q B-Kt 5 | 24..K Kt-K 5 | Q Kt × Kt |
| 10..K B-Kt 5 | Q B-Q 2 | 25..Q B × Kt | K B-B 4 |
| 11..P-K 5 | K Kt-K 2 | 26..R-Q B sq | K B × Kt |
| 12..Q B-Kt 5 | P-K R 3 | 27..Q R × B | Q R-B sq |
| 13..Q B-R 4 | P-K Kt 4 | 28..B-K Kt 3 | Q-R 5 (d) |
| 14..Q B-Kt 3 | Q Kt- home (a) | 29..Q R-K 3 | Q-her 3 |
| 15..K R-K sq | Q B × B | 30..B-K R 4, and the Defence | |

has no further resource.

(a) A favorite move of Mr. Stanley's at this stage of the game.

(b) From this point, whether the Defence take this P or not, the attack is most harrassing—if not already of fatal force. This whole Attack is neatly handled.

(c) He would better have first played Q to her 2d.

(d) "Hastening defeat; but his game is already past redemption." Yes, but considering the terrible spasms of cramp to which he has been subjected, of late, we suppose he wanted to give his Queen a little chance to stretch her legs—if Queens have legs.

Hard battled and scientific *partie*, Signor Dubois contending against Herr Dufresne and the Chevalier de St. Bon in consultation.—(late) *Irish Sporting Times.*

BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

| Sig. Dubois. | D. & St. B. | Sig. Dubois. | D. & St. B. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 27..K R × P | K R × R |
| 2..P-K B 4 | K P × P | 28..K B × R | Q-K B 3 |
| 3..K B-B 4 | K Kt-B 3 | 29..B-B 4 (j) | P-Q B 4 |
| 4..Q Kt-B 3 | K B-B 4 | 30..P-Q 5 | Q-K R 3 |
| 5..K Kt-B 3 (e) | P-Q 3 (*) | 31..Q × Q | Q R × Q |
| 6..P-Q R 3 | Q B-Kt 5 | 32..R-K B sq | K-Q B 2 |
| 7..P-Q 4 | Q B × Kt | 33..K B-Q 3 | R × R P (k) |
| 8..Kt P × B | B-Q Kt 3 | 34..R-K B 7 | K-Q 3 |
| 9..Q B × P | K Kt-R 4 | 35..B × R P | P-Q Kt 4 |
| 10..Q B-K 3 | Q Kt-B 3 (f) | 36..B-his 5 | Kt × Q P (l) |
| 11..Q-her 2 | Q-R 5 + | 37..R × Kt 1st P | P-Q Kt 5 |
| 12..Q B-B 2 | Q-K B 3 | 38..P-Q R 4 | Q Kt-K 6 |
| 13..Castles, Q R | Same (g) | 39..R-Q 7 + | K-Q B 3 |
| 14..K R-B sq | Q Kt-K 2 | 40..R-K B 7 | R-K B 7 |
| 15..P-K B 4 | K R-B sq | 41..B-K 4 + | K-Q 3 |
| 16. P-K B 5 (h) | P-K Kt 4 | 42..R-K R 3 | Kt-B 5 (m) |
| 17. Kt-Q R 4 | K Kt-B 5 | 43..K B-Q 3 | Q Kt-K 4 |
| 18..Kt × B + | R P × Kt | 44..P-Q Kt 3 | Kt-Q B 3 |
| 19..Q B-R 4 | K Kt-R 6 | 45..Q R-K 3 | Q Kt-Q 5 |
| 20..Q-K Kt 2 | Q-K R 3 | 46..P-Q B 5 | P-Q B 5 |
| 21..Q B-Kt 3 | K Kt-B 5 | 47..Kt P × P (n) | P-Kt 6 (o) |
| 22..Q B × Kt - | Kt P × B | 48..P-Q B 3 | P-Kt 7 + |
| 23..Q-her 2 | P-Q 4 | 49..K-Kt sq | Kt-Q B 3 |
| 24..K P × P | Kt × B P | 50..Q R-K 2 | Q R × R |
| 25..R × B 2d P (i) | Q Kt-K 2 | 51..K B × R | Kt × B P, |
| 26..P-Q 6 | Q R × P | and the game is drawn. | |

NOTES, by Herr Kling.

(*) [This style of Defence may be characterized as giving up the P, but saving the game.]

(e) Much preferable to P to Q 4th; because, had that move been made, the allies would reply Q B to Kt 5th, and Sig. D. could not avoid the loss of a P, or submitting to the disadvantage of a double P.

(f) If Q (ch) the Attack would immediately obtain a superior game by playing K to Q 2d.

(g) Taking B P with Queen could not well be ventured.

(h) Threatening to double K Kt P by moving K B to K 2d.

(i) Taking P with Q would involve the loss of the exchange.

(j) The best move to maintain the position of the Bishop. It also serves to avoid the separation of the centre Pawns.

(k) If Kt take P, R checks, followed by R takes R P, leaving the Attack with a dangerous passed Pawn.

(l) If R to B 7th, Sig. D. checks with K, obtaining a fine game.

(m) Threatening mate.

(n) Taking with Bishop would have been better play.

(o) The allies lose no time in forcing the draw.

## CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A. DE CON, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Thanks for "Whitler." The long evenings are coming upon us, and to no class are they more welcome than to those who love to disentangle the combinations of our beautiful game. The CLIPPER will still continue to "leave regularly," each week, "perfectly sound," not only on the *draft*, but also on the *Draughts!* As Charley Fox says, "Shall we say it again?"

C. ALLEN, Roxbury, Mass.—We never for a moment supposed that the resemblance between the positions was anything more than a coincidence; as we have yet to place a plagiarism to the account of an original draught problemist of any note. The "Midnight Encounter with Joshua Sturges," is not accessible to us at present. In next week's CLIPPER we will forward the information requested. Your Position appears this week. Thanks.

A. H. L., Baltimore, Md.—Thanks for recent favors. See remarks below.

### A DOUBLE HEADER.

☞ In the CLIPPER of week before last, the Position by A. L. H. admits of a double solution. We found this to be the case; and also received a notice from Mr. H. to the same effect, accompanied with a "revised copy," but unintentionally the "original" was substituted. We will lay the "simon pure" before our readers soon.

### DRAUGHTS IN THE ARMY.

The following game was played between F. E. De Con (our former correspondent) a member of Co. A, 9th Regt. N. Y. S. V., and Mr. Benson, a member of the same regiment.

| Black, De Con. | White, Benson. | Black, De Con. | White, Benson. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..11 to 15 | 23 to 19 | 12..10 to 17 | 19 to 10 |
| 2.. 8 11 | 27 23 | 13.. 7 14 | 26 19 |
| 3.. 4 8 | 21 17 | 14..17 26 | 30 23 |
| 4.. 9 13 | 23 18 | 15.. 8 11 | 29 25 |
| 5.. 6 9 | 25 21 | 16..11 16 | 24 20 |
| 6.. 9 14 | 18 9 | 17.. 3 7 | 20 11 |
| 7.. 5 14 | 32 27 | 18.. 7 16 | 25 22 |
| 8..11 16 | 27 23 | 19.. 2 6 | 22 18 |
| 9..16 20 | 23 18 | 20.. 6 9 | 18 15 |
| 10..14 23 | 17 14 | 21.. 1 5, | |
| 11..20 27 | 31 24 | and wins. | |

### GAME No. 31—VOL. X.

BLINDFOLD DRAUGHTS.

SINGLE CORNER.

Mr. J. A. De Con plays "blindfold," giving his antagonist, Mr. J. N. the first move.

| Black, J. N. | White, De C. | Black, J. N. | White, De C. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..11 to 15 | 22 to 18 | 13..15 to 18 (f) | 17 to 13 (g) |
| 2..15 22 | 25 18 | 14..18 27 | 19 16 (h) |
| 3.. 8 11 | 29 25 | 15..12 16 | 24 6 |
| 4..10 15 | 25 22 | 16.. 2 9 | 13 6 (*) |
| 5.. 9 18 | 24 20 | 17..27 32 | 6 2 |
| 6.. 6 9 | 27 24 | 18.. 8 12 | 30 26 |
| 7.. 3 8 (a) | 32 27 (b) | 19..14 18 | 21 17 |
| 8.. 1 6 (c) | 28 19 (d) | 20.. 4 8 (i) | 20 16 |
| 9.. 6 10 | 27 23 | 21..12 19 | 26 23 |
| 10.. 9 14 | 18 9 | 22..18 27 | 31 15 |
| 11.. 5 14 | 22 17 (e) | 23..11 18 | 2 4 |
| 12..13 22 | 26 17 | and White wins. | |

Notes by J. A. De Con.

(a) With the idea of blocking.
(b) Giving him a chance to do it.
(c) A bad move; I did not expect it.
(d) Looks like closing his ports.
(e) I fix a trap with a show of some billiards.
(f) He falls into it.
(g) This conclusively shows the advantages which a white man possesses over a black man.
(h) Settles his hash, adding more evidence of advantages.
(i) Thunder and botheration! do you make that move? I cried. He replied, I do.
(k) Then I'll finish you.
(*) 31 to 24 at this point would have been the proper road to victory, if we mistake not; for afterwards White captures the other piece, thus winning a clean man. The ending is certainly very pretty.—[ED. D. D.]

### SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 31—VOL. X.

BY J. H. BURNHAM.

☞ A Black man omitted on 27 in the Diagram. Solution next week.

### SOLUTION OF STURGES' 96th POSITION.

| Black. | White. |
|---|---|
| 1..11 to 15 | 13 to 6 |
| 2..15 19 | 6 15 |
| 3..24 20, and wins. | |

### MATCH GAME.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

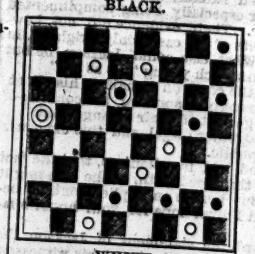
| Black—G. M. B. | White—Acceptance. |
|---|---|
| 3.. 8 11 | 29 25 |
| 4.. 4 8 | |

### POSITION No. 32—Vol. X. THE 97th POSITION.

OF STURGES.

BY C. ALLEN,

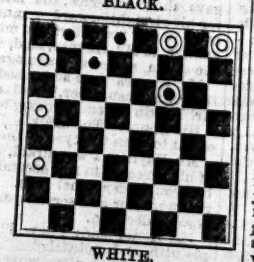
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

## DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

*NEW SERIES.—NUMBER FOURTEEN.*

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

### MRS. THOMAS L. HAMBLIN.

Now known as Mrs. Shaw. Born in England. Made her first appearance on any stage at Drury Lane Theatre, London, in "Lilliput."

Made her *debut* on the American stage, February 29th, 1836, at the Park Theatre, New York, as Marianne, in "The Wife."

In '36, Mrs. Hamblin retired from the stage, making her last appearance December 22d, at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Widow Cheerly, in "The Soldier's Daughter," on which occasion Mr. Charles made his first and only appearance in that city, appearing as Frank Heartall. At the close of the first piece, Mrs. H. delivered a farewell address.

After a retirement of twenty-one years, she re-appeared upon the boards under the name of Mrs. Shaw, at the National Theatre, Chicago, May 4th, 1857. When she retired from the profession, she was one of the greatest favorites upon the American stage.

### BESSIE HAMBLIN.

BORN in England. Made her first appearance on the American stage June 27, 1838, at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Juliana, in "The Honey Moon." In May, 1857, was at San Francisco. This lady gained considerable notoriety by being arrested for killing her husband in the Mobile Theatre. She was, however, honorably acquitted. If there is a fault in her professional labors, it is that she does not, at all times, take a necessary interest in the scene in which she performs. It is an error easily remedied; and, though not mentioned to detract from her estimation with the public, it is necessary to notice a blemish, with a view to remove it, as well for her own advantage as the satisfaction it gives an audience, to see a performer support the bye-play of a character with effect.

### WILLIAM H. HAMBLIN.

BORN in New York. Made his first appearance on any stage January 15th, 1850, at Memphis, Tenn, as Edward Evelyn, in "Agnes de Vere." First appeared in New York, in April, '50, as Guldenstein, at the Chatham Theatre. On the 14th of August, 1850, appeared as Murray, in "The Jacobite," at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

### G. F. MARCHANT.

Born in Westminster, London, England. Made his first appearance on the stage as an amateur at the Pantheon, and afterwards at the Surrey Theatre, London.

Made his *debut* on the American stage, September, 1851, as Don Felix, in "The Wonder," at the Broadway Theatre, New York; made his *debut* in Philadelphia at the Walnut, September 22, 1851, as Frank Heartall, in "The Soldier's Daughter."

### MRS. G. F. MARCHANT.

Maiden name Emeline Raymond. Born at Stowbridge, England, in June, 1831. Made her first appearance on the stage in 1840, at Whitehaven, England.

Made her *debut* on the American stage in June, 1851, at the National Theatre, Boston, as Columbine, in "Harlequin Jack," first appeared in New York, September 1st, 1851, at the Broadway Theatre. On the 22d of September, 1851, she appeared in Philadelphia, as Widow Cheerly, in "The Soldier's Daughter," at the Walnut Street Theatre.

Died at Charleston, S. C., at 8 P. M., on the 14th of January, 1858. She was pretty and talented, and had a great deal more talent than her husband. On the fact of her death being announced from the stage of the Charleston Theatre, in a feeling manner, by Mr. John Dyott, the audience simultaneously arose, and in silence departed. It is stated as a striking evidence of the deep sympathy entertained by the public at this sudden bereavement, that not a single one of the audience, though invited, called at the treasury for their money.

### ISADORA HANSON.

This lady was born in Philadelphia. Her father is well known to the older citizens as having formerly been a prominent musician there, and active in the establishment of some of the first societies designed to cultivate musical taste among Philadelphians. During a long residence in the West Indies, he was an assiduous instructor of his daughter.

She made her *debut* November 16th, 1847, in her native city, at the first concert of the Philharmonic Society. In person, Miss Hanson is tall and elegantly formed, with a fine liquid eye and expressive face, which light up with the enthusiasm and inspiration of her beautiful art. In bravuras and cavatinos her style of execution is florid; while her performance of ballads and simple airs is delicate, feeling, and impressive.

### J. H. M'VICKER.

Born in New York February 14th, 1822. Made his first appearance on the stage at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, as the Servant in "The Honey Moon;" made his *debut* in New York at the Chatham Theatre, in "The People's Candidate."

On the 21st of July, 1851, he first appeared in Philadelphia, as a Yankee comedian, making his *debut* at the Arch Street Theatre, as Deuteronomy Dutiful, in "The Wool Grower."

This gentleman is natural, easy and *au fait* in the business of the stage; he avoids the tricks of the art, and the slang of the charlatan. At present he is manager of the Chicago Theatre.

## SPORTS ABROAD.

### THE RING.

*From the Sporting Life, October 19.*

FIGHTS TO COME.

Nov. 4.—J. Fox and Freeman (Tonky) £10 a side, at 8st, Birmingham.
25.—Jack Hicks and James Gollagher—£100 a side, at 9st, Home circuit.
25.—Patsey Reardon and Jem Dillon—£100 a side, at 10st 2lb, Home Circuit.
—.—Jem Mace and Tom King—£400 and the Championship, London.

### GREAT PRIZE BATTLE IN AUSTRALIA,

FOR $5000,

AND

Light Weight Championship,

BETWEEN

*DAVE WHITE AND JACK SULLIVAN,*

THE LATTER AN OLD OPPONENT OF

CHARLEY LYNCH, THE AMERICAN.

*Bell's Life in Victoria*, of Aug. 16, contains full details of a spirited mill between Young Jack Sullivan, who fought Charley Lynch the American some time back, in England, and Dave White, for the modest stake of £500 a side, and the Championship of the Australian Light Weights.

Dave White hails from London, and was born about 1831, in the neighborhood of the New-cut, Lambeth. He arrived at Hobart Town at a very early age, and made his first appearance in the prize ring in Tasmania, where he fought Bligh of Norwich for a purse, and won in 28 minutes. He next fought and beat Jack the Butcher for a purse in Sydney. On the Rocky River diggings he had two engagements, both of which he won; the first with Jemmy M'Carthy, and the second with Patsy Riley—the last-mentioned being for £50 a side, and lasting three hours and a half. He next beat Jack Loveday, at New England, for £15 a side, and Tom Black (the Shearer) for £10. At Queensland he beat Jacky the Jew for £10; but lost, through a foul blow, his fight with Cook's River Paddy, for £50 a side. The latter, however, gave him his revenge; in two months afterwards they met for £200, and after fighting one hour and two minutes, the Cook's River Pet cried enough. His next match was at Beechworth, where he fought Dick Hall of Birmingham, for £300 a side, and after a long mill of over three hours, Dick Hall gave in, frightfully punished. The fight was recorded in all the local papers of the time, and created great excitement. He was soon after matched against Jemmy Nolan of Liverpool, for £200 a side, but as both parties were bound over, the fight did not come off. He then lay by for a year or two, and after winning a purse with a Welsh novice (Eddy,) he was matched to fight Fred Smith, for £100 a side. This event came off in the Castlemaine district, on the 27th of Aug., 1861. After fighting one hour and forty minutes, Fred Smith was quite blind, and his seconds threw up the sponge. From that time Dave has repeatedly challenged any one in Victoria at nine stone and a half, for from £200 to £500 a side, but without acceptance. Soon after his meeting with Fred Smith, he joined a party in a trip to the Lachlan, and has had no reason to regret his visit to that gold field, inasmuch as he found all his friends "dead on the gutter." Gold digging was, however, too slow for one of his disposition, and he hailed as a boon the possibility of a match with the renowned Jack Sullivan, for £500 a side.

Jack Sullivan, or, as he was familiarly known in London, "Young Sullivan," was born in 1839, in the east end of London, and like many of the stars of the London school, claims to be of Irish decent. Living in the neighborhood of public houses kept by Joe Rowe, Harry Brunton, and George Brown, all of them celebrities in the art of boxing, many opportunities were afforded Young Jack of gratifying his ardent desire to acquire a knowledge of the use of "nature's weapon." Being of a well-knit frame and possessed of daring beyond his years, he never objected to a bout with the gloves with any one, however superior in inches his opponent might have been. We may here state, *par parenthese*, and in order to give our readers an idea of his size, that his matches in England were always made at 8st, a weight at which many stars of brilliancy were then rising. His first mill was with Charley Lynch, who staked £30 to £25, and who defeated Sullivan in 29 rounds, after a desperate battle. A week after this fight, so satisfied were the friends of our juvenile hero, that at his benefit, at the Brittania Circus, Ratcliff-highway, a challenge was given that he should fight any one in the world at 8st. This, after repeated nibbles, led to a match with Tom Tyler (Boss Tyler's brother), which came off on March 14th, 1860, for £25 a side. Sullivan weighed 8st 5lb, and was not then out of his teens. Tyler had all the advantage in length, weight, and reach; but, after fighting 58 rounds, which occupied 2h. 50min, the police came on the ground, and the fight had to be suspended. An attempt was made to get the mill off on another occasion, but it resulted eventually in a draw. Failing to get a suitable customer in England, Sullivan was induced to visit Australia, where he hoped to find a more favorable field for the display of his talent. Arriving in Sydney early in 1861, he issued a challenge to fight any one at 9st, and eventually found a customer in Tom Sparkes, to whom, however, he gave two stone in weight. The fight came off on the 25th of April, 1861, in the vicinity of Blacktown, and was won by Sullivan without a mark, in seven rounds, the mill lasting nearly an hour. The science he displayed in this contest, added to his known courage as backers, and by their assistance he made the match for one thousand pounds, which we are about to record. Before closing our sketch of Sullivan, we may add that since he became the host of the Sportsman's Arms in Sydney, his conduct has been such as greatly to increase the number of his friends and well wishers.

After further preliminary remarks, our contemporary says:—"As soon as everything was in readiness—half-past eleven—Sullivan threw in his castor, and was cheered by his friends; he was accompanied by Tom Curran and Bob M'Laren. His example was shortly after followed by Dave White, whose appearance was also greeted by a cheer. He had for his esquires attendant, Bill Cleghorn and Bill Branch. After the usual preliminary grip of the mawleys between the principals, showing the total absence of ill-feeling between them, the umpires and referee were appointed. On examination by the seconds of White, of the boots of Sullivan, it was objected that though the spikes were of the right length—three-eighths of an inch—they were too pointed, and they insisted that they should be filed down till they agreed with the law, which provides that they shall be one-eighth of an inch broad at the point. This was accordingly done. We may here mention that when the match was made, there was a bye-bet of £100 laid between Sullivan and White's backers on the first knock-down blow, and £10 a side was staked at the time, the remainder to be made good at the fight. Sullivan now offered to make good the bet, which was declined, and the £20 was given to him, the party who forfeited it alleging that it would pay him better to lay out the £90 on the fight, as he could get 5 and 6 to 4, in proof of which he shortly after succeeded in getting 20 to 14 three or four times over. After a bet of £20 even between the combatants, they threw off their upper garments, and at half-past one were left at the scratch to commence

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Though it was asserted by the backers of the men that Dave White was 9st and Sullivan 8st 8lb, there was evidently much more that 6lb difference in their weight. Sullivan stood as straight upright as a dart, while his opponent, though the taller man, seemed to screw himself up in a ball, as it were, and to stoop to bring himself to a level with Jack, and but that he stood left foot first, reminded one of Bendigo, of Nottingham. In condition, we never saw Dave to greater advantage; his bronzed mug showed the ruddy glow of health, while all his muscles stood prominently out. Sullivan, though he showed evidence of hard work, seemed too fine, and, as contrasted with his adversary, looked like a boy, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." There was nevertheless a calm—almost sedate—

expression, which betokened unbounded confidence in himself, and in his ability to bring it off. The first round was harmless; after sparring for a short time, Johnny tried a feeler with his left, and Dave retreated, Sullivan following him. The latter several times feigned to lead off, but Dave kept out of reach. At length Sullivan got well within striking distance, led off with his left in earnest, when his opponent, in avoiding, slipped to earth. Sullivan tumbled over him, and both were instantly carried to their corners.

2. Both came eagerly to the scratch. Sullivan, in trying a feint, must have touched Dave's foot, for the latter exclaimed good-humoredly:—"Mind the spike, Johnny." "Oh, I've had 'em filed close down," was the answer. After manœuvring his antagonist all round the ring for about a minute, to make himself familiar with his tactics, Johnny lowered his guard and retired a step. White approached, when Sullivan led off left and right, delivering the latter on the neck under the ear, and receiving a very straight left-handed prop on the chin. From the concussion and the slippery state of the ground, both fell, Dave on his seat of honor, and the other on his face.

3. Dave led off very straight with his left, but was prettily stopped. Sullivan followed White all round the ring, till the latter, steadying himself, waited for the impending onslaught, and good right-handed hits were exchanged, White receiving on the neck, but getting home heavily on the left jaw. These exchanges were in favor of White, who, following up his success, commenced to fight first, and some rapid counter hits with the left were given, followed by a swinging hit from White's right, which landed fairly on Johnny's left daylight, from the effects of which the latter staggered and fell [loud cheers for White. The Lachlanites uproarious in their glee].

4. Dave White's partisans, seeing the effect of the last blow on Sullivan, urged their man not to wait for the call of "time," but to go to the scratch at once. Directly the half minute was up White went straight from his second's knee to his opponent's corner, and on the latter rising to face him, commenced fighting with both hands, till he knocked Sullivan down groggy (100 to 20 on White).

5. Again were the friends of White as busy in his corner as ants, urging him to go in and fight; while, in Sullivan's corner they were equally solicitous to gain time. Directly the time-keeper called the word, White started from his seconds to renew the combat—if combat it might be called—and, to the astonishment of many, and to the satisfaction of those who had their money on Sullivan, the latter instantly responded to the call of "time," and faced his opponent. After a feeble attempt to defend himself, he was again knocked down by a heavy right-handed hit under the left peeper. Shouts for White.

6. Notwithstanding the heavy hits Sullivan had received, he gallantly faced his opponent, and succeeded in stopping his one, two. Dave again dashed in, missed, and both rolled to grass. "It ain't half over yet," from Sullivan's friends.

7. Notwithstanding the most careful nursing, it was evident that Sullivan was in Queer-street. He, nevertheless, tried to steady himself, meeting White's rushes with a feeble counter, and was easily fought down.

8. On coming to the scratch Sullivan showed two deep cuts, one under the left eye, and the other on the kisser. He, nevertheless, fought much better than he had done hitherto, repeatedly counter-hitting with the left, but without powder. White feinted with his right, dashed in his left on the mouth, and ducked his head to avoid a return. Sullivan, observing this, made two or three upper cuts, which his wily opponent fortunately escaped. After a short spar, White again led off with his left, and fell to avoid the return [claims on behalf of Sullivan that White had fallen intentionally to avoid].

9. White now altered his style of fighting. Instead of rushing in to administer the *coup de grace*, which he had hitherto attempted in vain, he quietly waited till he was within striking distance, and after sparring very guardedly, availed himself of an opening to deliver a flush hit on the smeller with his left, and got cleverly away from the return. Finding he could get on with impunity, he repeated the dose, drawing the claret from Sullivan's tater-trap. The latter then followed Dave with the evident intention of being "with" him, but was a third time hit heavily on the frontispiece. In delivering the last hit, White got down laughing, leaving his antagonist standing over him looking like a red Indian in the face.

10. Despite the careful tending of Sullivan's seconds, the tap was still turned on when he came to the scratch, which Dave observing, and acting probably under advice, he kept away, leaving the cold wind to have its effect. After sparring some little time, both paused, and looked at each other. This afforded an opportunity to regard the amount of punishment each had received. Sullivan's punishment was extremely severe on the left side of his nut, but White was by no means scatheless; his marks, however, were confined to merely a few abrasions of the skin. Sullivan, tired of waiting, and probably guessing the *tactique* of the enemy, gathered himself together, and some excellent counters with the left ensued, greatly to the surprise of those who had made up their minds that Sullivan was dead licked. A break away, and Sullivan again rushed in left and right. A close followed, in which, for the first time in the battle, some in-fighting took place. White, however, got all the best of it, fighting with both hands, and administering the most punishment. This was a very long round, and Sullivan stuck to his adversary with the greatest pertinacity, till he was fought down.

11. White for the first time began to puff. Lengthened sparring, out of distance; a pause for a minute. Sullivan made a feint, which caused White to retreat. This course of action he pursued for some time, reminding the spectators of the first round. Finding he could not get near his adversary, Sullivan paused, in order, probably, to promote the recovery which was obviously coming. White at length, with good humor, said, "Come on, Johnny," and the sparring was renewed, but as both were on the waiting suit no harm was done. Several times White essayed his stinging left and right, but Sullivan escaped them either by stopping or stepping back. Another pause of a minute or two, during which time the wind was operating in swelling Sullivan's larboard glim. Johnny was the first to recommence hostilities, and was heavily countered, the hit slitting the upper lip. This evidently staggered Sullivan, who, returning wildly to the charge, was again heavily met on the conk, White cleverly avoiding the return. The carmine was again seen profusely oozing from Sullivan's smeller, and White, by not approaching his adversary, kept him bleeding. After a short interval, Dave made a feint with his left, and landed his right heavily under the listener. By the time Sullivan had returned his cross-counter with the right, White was on the ground, the impending blow being spent in the air.

12. Both sparring, Sullivan for time to recover, and his opponent that Sullivan's damaged peeper might close. At length White got heavily home on Johnny's sneezer, then rushed in fighting with both hands. A very lengthened rally followed in Sullivan's corner, till both rolled to earth.

13. Sullivan showed the marks of Dave's handiwork in the last rally all over the lower part of his face, and after sparring half a minute, he began to tremble in every limb—probably from the cold and weakness combined. White, on the contrary, looked as strong as at the commencement. Sullivan tried a cross-counter with his right, but his leary antagonist got just out of the way, then quickly dashing in left and right, both of which he got well home, closed; an awkward struggle for the fall, and both down.

14. Sullivan's distress was painfully obvious. He tried in vain to deliver his right, but was always too late, and was easily fought down.

15. The appearance of Johnny, as he faced his antagonist, was the subject of lots of chaff from White's partizans. Sullivan replied with a smile. White made a slight feint, as if to measure his distance, then got spank on Johnny's proboscis and dropped, receiving the intended upper-cut on his posterior. (Branch instantly rushed to the referee to claim a foul blow. That functionary's verdict, however, was, "sarved him right; he had no right to put his back where his front ought to have been." In the opinion of those capable of forming an unbiased judgment, the "foul" was in White falling to avoid.)

16. White led off with his left; Johnny returned with his right, which went over the other's nut, and they closed. Sullivan, with his left round White's neck, kept fibbing with his right, the latter fighting in excellent style with both hands. As Sullivan would not leave his hold, this kind of fighting was protracted for an unusually long time. White was extremely busy with both mawleys, and as every one of his blows reached Sullivan's nut, the latter had all the worst of it, and ultimately fell on his face exhausted. ("It's all over," from the Lachlan division.)

17. The battle had now lasted forty minutes. White appeared at the scratch with a flushed face and a slight swelling on his forehead, and though blowing a bit, he was as strong as a lion. Mutual misses brought them together, and for the first time there was a struggle for the fall, which White got by main strength. Both came down heavily, Sullivan under.

18. Sullivan still came up, though weak, every muscle in his frame quivering. After sparring for a short time, both paused. ("Keep him standing, Dave.") White at length stepped in, delivered a heavy smack on the nose, and got down to avoid, leaving his game little opponent bewildered and mortified. (Claim from Bob McLaren that White had gone down wilfully without receiving a blow. Disallowed.)

19. White quickly approached his man, delivered left and right with stinging severity, and went down. Confusion. (Curran claimed. Fight on.)

20. Precisely like the last, except that in falling, White turned round and came down on his hands, as if courting a foul blow. (Bob again appealed without effect.)

21. Sullivan received heavily on the frontispiece, from which he staggered, and was saved from falling by the interposition of the lower rope. He nevertheless instantly got up and renewed the round. Splendid in-fighting, all in favor of White, who gifted the round by throwing and heavily falling on Sullivan. 20 to 1 on White.

22. A short scrambling round.

23. Though Sullivan's facial outline was considerably altered, he nevertheless came up to time, and to the surprise of every one, got slightly the best of the round. White received a hot 'un just under the left ear, which knocked him clean away. On getting close, some good counter hits were exchanged, and White stopped.

24. White again heavily on Sullivan's gob, then waiting for the other's right, met it with a cross counter, from the recoil of which both went down.

25. White visited Sullivan's right eye, which had now closed, five times without a return. Johnny delivered a round hit with his right on the bread-basket, closed, and was thrown. Cheers for White.

26. Sullivan fought wildly, but scorned to retreat or avoid. Occasionally he showed a glimpse of an artistic style, but from excessive weakness his blows were harmless. Dave threw Sullivan heavily.

27. Dave came up puffing, and was in no hurry to commence hostilities. After a slight pause, Johnny tried his left, but was short. Good exchanges. Dave receiving left and right on the side of his cranium. This was, however, almost the expiring effort, the last flicker of the dying lamp, on the part of Sullivan. Both missed well intended hits with the right, and fell.

28. Sullivan, though nearly blind, came up to the scratch, and fought desperately with his right, in the hope that a lucky hit might turn the scale in his favor. His blows were avoided without difficulty, and he was easily fought down.

29. Sullivan was asked by his friends to give in, but refused, asserting that there was nothing the matter with him but weakness, from which he might recover. He continued to take his gruel with the most exemplary fortitude, receiving on the conk, then on the damaged lamp, which was again opened. White then danced all round the ring, followed by Sullivan; Dave eventually steadying himself, met Johnny a stinger on the dial, then rushed to in-fighting, which was all in his favor, and both fell.

30. Sullivan stopped Dave's left very neatly. On a second attempt Dave was more successful, and again turned on the tap. This dose he repeated with the greatest ease. [Take him away.] Johnny now seemed all abroad, and without the least idea of warding off a blow. The consequence was, that he got awfully pinked. A close; both down, Sullivan under.

31 to the 37th and last. Though Sullivan was repeatedly urged to cry "Enough," the game little fellow refused, but returned to the arena, like the dying gladiator, to make an expiring effort. In the 32d round there was a struggle on the ropes, and as Sullivan had hold, and Dave had not, there was the usual claim by Branch of "Foul." Dave, however, said, "I won't have foul," and renewed the contest. In the 35th round Sullivan was quite groggy from the repeated props in the mug he had been receiving. In the following round, however, he revived slightly, and delivered a good right-handed hit on White's neck, but was ultimately thrown a burster. In the next round he would come up to the scratch, only to receive, totter, and fall. At the end of the 37th, which was only a short round, Bob M'Laren took upon himself to throw up the sponge, and White was proclaimed the winner in one hour and 25 minutes.

REMARKS.

Thus terminated a fight which was confidently predicted would prove one of the best, as far as science and game were concerned, that had ever been witnessed in the colonies, and which possessed this singular peculiarity, that though most fights end with one of the men being sent to dorse, in this instance it commenced with one of the combatants being knocked silly, from the effects of which he never recovered. Dave White amply justified the sanguine expectations formed of him by his backers, and never lost sight of his one object—winning. From the moment the match was made he commenced most carefully to train, and with such good effect that he was never in such condition in his life. He might, however, have added to his laurels by a little forbearance towards the end of the battle. Had he gone up to his opponent, and, instead of planting on him with all his strength, pushed him down with his open hands, which we are convinced he might have done, he would have gained a character for humanity, and won the admiration of all present. Probably, however, he had an eye to the splendid stake just within his grasp, and was determined not to give away a chance of losing it. No one seemed more astonished than himself at his easy victory, for that he thought the task would have been more difficult may be gathered from an observation made by him on the morning of the mill, "That his friends would have to carry him away on a hurdle when it was over." Those who saw Sullivan fight Sparkes said they never saw so great a difference; he looked like a little boy on this occasion, and much too light. He had not given himself time enough to train, and was evidently too fine. In the first two rounds he appeared to think he had only to find out the style of his opponent—who, we may observe, he had never seen hold up a hand before—and then the victory would be easy. When the intelligence was communicated to White that his opponent was in difficulties, he took care that he should have no time to recover. Receiving little or no punishment, he required no care on the part of his seconds, while Sullivan, on the contrary, required and received the most careful nursing. Indeed, it was owing to this that he was enabled to protract the fight for so long. By the time he had recovered from the dizziness following returning consciousness, he was frightfully punished, and fell off weak. Nothing, however, could possibly exceed the game manner in which he came up every round, and the efforts he made against nature to turn the scale in his favor.

Before closing our remarks, we may take the opportunity of strongly reprobating the system of hitting and getting down. To guard against this unfair practice, originated by Bendigo, and which was getting into vogue in the London P. R., the following rule was introduced by the Pugilistic Association:—"That it shall be 'a fair stand-up fight,' and if either man shall wilfully throw himself down without receiving a blow, whether blows shall have previously been exchanged or not, he shall be deemed to have lost the battle; but that this rule shall not apply to a man who in a close slips down from the grasp of his opponent, to avoid punishment, or from obvious accident or weakness." According to this rule, White lost the fight in the 18th, 19th, and again in the 20th round, and had the referee, when appealed to by Bob M'Laren, given the battle to Sullivan, his decision could not have been impeached. We do not think, however, that the referee had any knowledge of the law quoted above. A collection was made in the ring for Sullivan, amounting to £8 16s, which we hope will be augmented on the giving up of the stakes. It is stated, and we believe with truth, that he found a large portion of the stakes himself, and his expenses of training, &c., have been very heavy. At the conclusion of the fight, Sullivan remained some time in the arms of his seconds, weeping bitterly. Dave White walked over to his corner, and having shaken hands with him, promised to get up a benefit and head a subscription for him. Sullivan was soon after conveyed to the nearest house, a quarter of a mile off, where he received every attention from his seconds and friends. By easy stages he reached his hostelrie on Saturday, suffering more from depression of spirits than from his bodily hurts. On the day of the fight, the excitement was intense in Sydney; the crowds near Tattersall's and the Sportsman's Arms rendered Pitt street nearly impassable; Mr. O'Brien, of Tattersall's, had arranged that a well-mounted messenger should gallop from the ring to the nearest telegraph station, about twenty miles, and send the result to him the same evening. When he announced that Sullivan had lost, he was not believed; a subsequent telegram, however, set all doubts at rest, and then all sorts of rumors were afloat that Sullivan could not live, was dead, &c. It was a relief, therefore, when his friends who saw the fight returned on Thursday to Sydney. That his punishment was frightfully severe may be gathered from the fact that he had not been able to leave his house when the Wonga Wonga left Sydney on Tuesday last. We cannot record the giving up of the stakes, though we saw a letter from Dave White to the stake-holder, requesting that he would forward the thousand corianders to Bathurst—a request which that functionary declined to accede to, for two reasons. The first was that he was not familiar with White's hand-writing, and the letter might have been a hoax; and, secondly, that he was in possession of an agreement in which it was stipulated that the stakes were to be given up at the Sportsman's Arms, in Sydney. We imagine, therefore, that White will have to go to Sydney to receive the fruits of his victory.

## RING ON DITS.

YOUNG HOLDEN, OF WALSALL, AND THE UNKNOWN.—This most interesting match, at 8st, for £50 a-side, is at a stand-still. They were to have met on Wednesday, Oct. 15, at Bob Brettle's, Birmingham, at which time and place both men were represented, Holden by his father, and the Unknown (who, it is surmised, is Mick the Grecian) by the host of the White Lion. They were, however, unable to come to terms, the Unknown claimed to weigh the morning of fighting, to which Holden would not assent. An adjourned meeting was, therefore, ultimately agreed to.

FOX AND FREEMAN.—This 8 st, match, for £10 a-side, is progressing satisfactorily, the instalments being met as due.

JEM GOLLAGHER AND JACK HICKS, £100 A-SIDE, AT 9ST.—The next deposit of £10 a-side, for this interesting encounter, is due on Wednesday Oct. 15.

PATSEY REARDON AND JEM DILLON, £100 A-SIDE, AT 10ST 2LB.—The deposit due last week was made good with the stakeholder, and another of £5 a-side, has to be forwarded on Friday Oct. 24,

HARRY BRUNTON, of the George and Dragon, Beech street, Barbican, has an Unknown he will back for £50 a-side, to fight Young Broome in six or seven weeks' time.

J. HARTLEY, in reply to Simon Finighty's challenge, will meet him to make a match, at 7st 12lb, for £25 or £50 a-side; or at 8st, if he will fight £30 to £25. Hartley hopes Finighty will come to terms and make a match.

ROBERT BRETTLE, of Birmingham, has a novice whom he is prepared to match against any man in Birmingham, who has not fought for a stake, at catch-weight, for £25 a-side.

PLANTAGENET GREEN will fight Mickey Gannon, at catch-weight, for £50 or £100 a-side.

DEATH OF THE BIRMINGHAM PUGILIST, BEN TERRY.—We regret to announce the death of this old Birmingham favorite, which melancholy event took place rather suddenly on Sunday Oct. 12, under suspicion of "foul play," and it is the more to be regretted, as he has left a wife and large family of young children under pecuniary difficulties.

SPIRITED COMBAT BETWEEN YOUNG WHELOCK AND JEM GLOSTER, AT BIRMINGHAM, FOR £5.—These aspirants to milling honors, who are comparative novices, met early on Tuesday, Oct. 14, to test their claims for the above amount, the spot selected being about a mile through Bromford, a favorite place of resort for pugilistic encounters, being in a general way free from the haunts of those spoilers of sport, the conservators of peace and order (so called). After an unusual delay in selecting a referee, the lads stripped—Whelock too fleshy, but otherwise in good condition; Gloster of a very slim build for a fighter, but evincing great activity. On a ring being formed, they stood up, shook hands, and prepared for business at nine o'clock, and some spirited fighting ensued, each doing his best for victory, and receiving the punishment administered, unflinchingly. Round after round was contested most gamely, when, just as the men stood up for the thirty-sixth round, an "officer in blue" made his appearance, and the belligerents, their backers, and the spectators, *en masse*, vied with each other in striving to get out of the field, and an appointment was made to meet at a certain house in the town at two p.m., which being done, a spot by the Valley of Lilly Oak was fixed on, and a pilgrimage thither commenced, when it was discovered that Whelock's left mawley was completely gone, and he was too much shattered in his morning's performance to put his prop up. Gloster, therefore, was declared the winner, after fighting thirty-five rounds in 1 hour and 10 min.

INTERESTING MILL IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.—On Monday, Oct. 13, at an early hour, Dymock, of Dudley (whose last encounter, previous to the present, was with that celebrated light-weight, Gallet Harding, of Birmingham, by whom he was easily vanquished), and Joe Rose, a very promising and aspiring novice, of the same place, met at Wall Heath, some five miles out, to contend for a stake of £5 a-side, at catch-weight. Dymock, on stripping, was considerably the bigger man, also taller and longer in the "gauge," but carrying much superfluous flesh, while his younger adversary showed in beautiful condition, and all activity. A ring being made, the lads immediately entered the same, and without further parley, commenced the onslaught, it soon becoming evident that Dymock had "caught a tartar," as, from the first, the Young-'un took a decided lead, and was fast winning the fight, when the "shiny tops," who are seldom where they are wanted, but always where they are not, put in their unwelcome appearance, and stopped the "little game," after seven rounds had been fought, occupying 15 min. First blood was gained by the Novice in the fourth round, who certainly surprised the natives by the admirable manner in which he used his mawleys. We have since heard that the affair ended in a disappointment, which of late has been too frequent, terminatiug in a drawn battle.

## CRICKET.

BIG CRICKET—THE GREAT SCORERS OF 1862.

The visit of the English Eleven to Australia, the "no ball" episode on the Oval, and the large innings made, will mark the cricket season of 1862 as a most memorable one. The run-getting, individually and collectively, by Elevens, has been unprecedentedly great. Thus, in the match between the Surrey Club and Ground vs. Middlesex, no less than 1,042 runs were scored. Then as to innings made by Elevens, in the match between Cheshire and Ludlow, the Cheshire gentlemen scored a "single innings" of 517; and, as all the cricket world know, the England Eleven, in their "no ball" match against Surrey, played the fine single innings of 508 runs. But great scores as these unquestionably are, they were both numerically surpassed on the 11th September on the Brighton ground, where, in one day's play, the gentlemen of the Southdown club "scored an innings of 507 runs, for the loss of five wickets only;" this stands a long way ahead of any batting feat yet recorded. In addition to these there have been two single innings of 464 played—one by the Brighton Collegians, and the other by the Clifton club. Then the Eleven of the Burton-by-Lincoln club played a single innings of 448, and the gentlemen of Norfolk one of 442 runs. Going a trifle lower, we ascertain that there were no less than 21 innings of 300 runs and upwards played in 1862; one of 370 was played by Middlesex; one of 362 by Southgate; one of 359 was scored by the Rugby Scholars; and two of 350 were attained—one played by the gentlemen of South Hants, and the other by the Cambridge Long Vacation club. The Marylebone—with the efficient aid of Mr. E. M. Grace—played a single innings of 344; and one of 339 was played by the "Present Etonians." To enumerate the remainder of the single innings of 300 runs and over would occupy too much space; but the most interesting of those unnoticed is the 305 scored by the Eleven in Australia. Great, however, as the 1862 scoring of Elevens has been, they are altogether eclipsed by the aggregate scoring and great innings made by individual batsmen, five of whom have scored upwards of 1,000 runs each. Thus, Mr. E. M. Grace has made 1,322 runs during the past season; Thomas Hayward has (we believe) exclusive of his 15 in the single wicket match, scored 1,309 runs; Robert Carpenter has (we believe) made 1,194 runs; William Mortlock has scored 1,144 runs in England, and 255 in Australia; and George Anderson has made 1,010. Here we have five men scoring 5,979 runs between them; and yet some clever cricketers still maintain "the bowling is equal to the batting." But all the batting feats that we have yet recorded shrink into comparative nothings when we come to notify the thrashings the bowling has this season had from that extraordinary batsman, Mr. E. M. Grace, who, in the course of the past season, has not only scored 1,322 runs, but made the wonderful series of large "single innings," i. e., one of 241 runs, one of 208, (not out) one of 192, (not out) one of 118, or 759 runs in four innings; besides innings of 62, 57, 56, 42, 40, &c. Such a season's hitting as this of Mr. Grace's is unparalleled; but others have played great innings, "to wit," Mr. F. Brindley made a not out single innings of 202 runs; Mr. W. G. Armitstead an innings of 177; Mr. A. G. Chapman, of Sussex, one of 176; Mr. J. H. Marshall, one of 164; Capt. Torrens, one of 164; B. Cooper, Esq., (the captain of the Rugby Eleven) one of 141; Mr. F. H. Walker played an innings of 138; Mr. E. K. Hornby, one of 134; and Mr. T. A. Raynes, one of 132 runs; and Mr. S. Voules (the late captain of the Marlborough College Eleven) has not only scored 930 runs this season, but in so doing has run up three single innings of 129, (not out) 109, (not out) and 104; Mr. C. Neasham, a Brighton collegian, played an innings of 131 runs; Mr. Stewart, of Winchester College, a fine batsman, has scored an innings of 123 runs; and Mr. W. Bury, of Cambridge University fame, has this season played two innings of 121 runs each. Mr. Y. R. Walker made 108 runs in one innings, and his brother, Mr. I. D. Walker, (captain of the Harrow Eleven) one of 102. No less than 27 other gentlemen have this season scored single innings of 100 runs and upwards; and among the professionals, we find Thomas Hearne played an innings of 134 runs; William Mortlock, one of 128 (not out); Robert Carpenter, one of 122, and another of 108; Richard Daft, one of 118; Thomas Hayward, one of 117; and Thomas Hornby, of Stockton-on Tees, one of 106. Grundy, Carpenter, Mortlock, and many others, have scored innings of 90 runs and upwards; but the enumeration of these would fill a column, and we have noted sufficient to testify to the extraordinary scoring in 1862.

## THE TURF.

THE SECOND OCTOBER NEWMARKET MEETING.

TEN BROECK AGAIN A WINNER.

Notwithstanding Ten Broeck did not win the Cesarewitch, as was predicted by the Turf Prophets of the British Empire, he has not come out altogether on the "wrong side of the horn," having won two events, one of which we recorded in our last issue, and this week we have to record another. On Wednesday, October 15, his horse Santhal ran in a handicap sweepstakes, but did not get placed, even; and on the same day, in the race for the Oatlands Plate, his Maggiore was also defeated in like manner. On the following day, his Curie ran second for a sweepstakes of 300 sovereigns, and on the next day (Friday) his Santhal also ran second for a selling sweepstakes of 10 sovs, Mr. Ten Broeck claiming the winner for 60 sovs. Immediately after the last named event, however, his American horse Optimist, ridden by Fordham, won a race, the particulars of which we here give:—

FIFTY POUNDS, for three year olds and upwards; the winner to be sold for 500 sovs; if for 300 sovs, allowed 5lb, if for 100, 10lb; A. F. (1m 2fur 73yds).

Mr. R. TEN BROECK'S Optimist, by Lexington, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb, (300 sovs).....G. Fordham 1
Mr. R. Sutton's Man at Arms, 5 yrs, 9st 3lb, (500)...Challoner 2
Count F. de Lagrange's Royallieu, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb, (300).....H. Grimshaw 3
Mr. H. Saville's Ducat, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb, (100).....Drewe 4
Mr. York's Principal, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb, (100).....J. Daley 5
Mr. Fleming's Acco, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb, (100).....A. Edwards 6

Betting: 6 to 4 on Optimist, 7 to 2 agst Man at Arms, and 5 to 1 agst any other. Optimist, first off, was closely followed by Man at Arms, with Ducat wide of them, for about three-quarters of a mile, when the leader came away and won by five leengths, Royallieu, three lengths off, defeating Ducat for third place by a head on the post. Run in 2min 18sec.

## COULDN'T "HITCH OUT."

I spent a summer above the Falls of St. Anthony, in the days when Minnesota was much younger and wilder than she now is. Her people were then what we term 'hardy pioneers;' simple, honest, and confiding. I liked them for their simplicity, and they liked me for doing so; that is, I supposed they liked me, for they took me into confidence, and called me by my given name, two courtesies never extended to the unliked. But without arguing this point, I will tell you a little story of the days when I was in Minnesota.

There was church, or rather meeting, in the settlement. A new preacher from some place South was to hold forth at the cabin of Tom Quigley. Preaching was to commence at early candlelighting. Jake Barnes and myself concluded to go. Jake Barnes and myself went.

On our way home that night, Jake Barnes and myself, or Jake Barnes and I, if you like it better, met with a most remarkable adventure—one that will do to tell as an argument in favor of going to church. We were passing through a thick piece of woods, feeling our way in the pitoby darkness, when a series of screams and smothered sounds, as it produced by some one in great distress, reached us from a point not far to our left.

"What'n all creation's that?" said Jake, coming to a sudden halt.

"Indians!" said I, looking ahead in the endeavor to assure myself that the path was all right for running.

"Ingins! No, sir," said he; "it's some feller, and that's somethin' a hurtin' on him. Let's run out that way."

"H-o-o-o-o! bah-h-h! he-e-e-oy! murder-r-r! hoo-o-o-oy!" came the sounds, so thick and fast, that it was scarcely possible to distinguish any space between them.

"No, let us not run out," said I, "for it may be an Indian decoy."

"Don't think 'tis," replied my friend; "anyhow, my voice is for reskin' it. You can stay here till I come back, if you like. Can't think of a feller crittur bein' in distress and not tryin' to help him."

With that Jake leaped into the woods, and dashed off towards the point from whence the sounds issued like a racer. The reader may easily persuade himself that I had no inclination to wait alone for his return, and that therefore off dashed I at his heels, like a racer also.

"Bla-a-a-blah! bla-a-a-blo-o-o-ho-o-o-o-oyh!" went the sufferer, if such it really was, and 'ripity-tip" through the low shrubs and dry vines went Jake and your narrator, as if engaged in what a group of Western school boys would call playing buffalo. Nearer and nearer came the sounds, until presently the light of a fire broke in upon our visions. At sight of this Jake halted; the man at his heels did likewise.

"What in the very devil kin all this mean?" said the former.

"Indians!" said I; "let us go back."

"No. Don't think its Ingins; tha wouldn't a kindled a fire that a-way."

"Oh yes, they have kindled the fire so they can see how to shoot us when we come up; let us go back."

"No. Can't be Ingins. 'Sides tha is friendly now," and with that away went Jake, with a man reluctantly bringing up the rear in close file.

The fire which we reached in safety was burning against the end of a large log, and near by an axe; but further nothing unusual was to be seen. Yet the strange sounds came forth as fresh as formerly, and what was most unaccountable, they seemed to issue immediately from the fire. Jake looked puzzled; the gentleman in the rear felt not only puzzled, but frightened. What was it? The evil one, surely; for as the fire was not larger than a half-bushel measure, it was generally believed that no other creature with lungs so eternal strong could be concealed within it.

While we stood casting looks of bewilderment, first at the fire and then at each other, Jake's face, naturally dark, but now darker than usual, became suddenly lighted, as with a new idea, and away he bounded to the other end of the log.

"Claw away the fire! claw away the fire!" shouted he, springing back, and seizing the axe afore named. "Quick! claw away the fire!"

Ere the last words were fairly uttered, he was standing upon the log, and bringing the axe down with a degree of force sufficiently powerful to soon send the great chips whizzing in every direction. Of course I did not know what he wanted the fire "clawed away" from, yet I fell to work, and very naturally clawed it away from the log. Down came the strokes, heavier and faster, and out leaps the chips, thicker and wider, until suddenly there appeared something black in the "curf." The log was hollow, and Jake had cut through.

Jake stopped, raked the chips away, and peered into the hollow. A single glance seemed to satisfy his curiosity, and leaping upon the log some six or eight feet further back from the fire, he fell to chopping again with, if possible, more eagerness than before. In a little while the hollow appeared at that point, and then he turned and commenced trying to split out the block between the two "curfs." The log was quite thin and brash, consequently a few heavy strokes started a crack. A few more rather cautiously dealt, and out tumbled the block, leaving exposed to our wondering gaze—what do you think? The head, body, and limbs of a man, all properly together, and in good condition.

"Pete Tousley, as I live!" said Jake. "Pete, what in thunder be ye doin' here?"

Pete rolled out, shook himself, put his hand on his head to call our attention to the fact that his hair was pretty well singed off, and then said,

"Nothin'."

"Wal, I think ye wasn't a doin' nothin' only a hollerin'," continued Jake, and if we hadn't just a happened along ye wouldn't soon a bin a doin' that. But tell us how in the name of blazes ye come to be in thar?"

"Wal," said Pete, who was a kind of half-witted fellow, "you see I started down to Tom Quigley's to meetin' this evenin'—"

"Wal, 'spose you did," interrupted Jake, "and by the sign I calkerlate as how ye didn't quite get thar."

"And," continued Pete, without breaking off his paragraph, "just out in the road, yonder, I sees a ground hog (woodchuck) a sorter slippin' acrost this way. So I took arter it, and we had a mortal tight race out to this log here, and then it run in and got away.

"When I seed what the fool thing'd went and done, my dander riz, and sez I to myself, 'Pete Tousley'll show you how to slide into a log next time;' and with that I goes back to old man Ball's and got a chunk of fire, and borries his axe; and then I comes back here and kindles a fire up in the holler at this end of the log, a thinkin' mebby I mout smoke the varmint out at t'other, and save the choppin'.'

"Wal, I smoked, and I smoked, and I smoked, but nary a ground hog could I get out; and then sez I, 'Pete Tousley, it might be as how you was mistaken, and didn't see nary ground hog go in this 'ere log;' and then agin, sez I 'It mout be that the varmint got out and cut dirt while ye was off to ole man Ball's, arter the axe and the fire;' and then agin, sez I, 'this log's mortal big, and hard, and a body'd hate to chop through it for nothin', and it's nigh on to meetin' time at that; so Pete Tousley, I reckon as how you'd better leave it.'

"But I didn't like to be cooked out by a ground hog; so I got a long pole and punched into the log at t'other end; but nary nothin' could I get out, though it struck me I could feel it; and once I thought I heard it chatter, as if sorter a darin' me. That made me mortal mad, and seein' as how the holler was big enough to creep in at yon end, I jest rolled up my sleeves, gritted my teeth, and slid in, swearen' as how I'd fetch out the varmint, dead or alive!

"I scrouged into the log right into the fire thar, and seed it was all a mistake, and that thar was nary ground hog in it; and then I began to hitch back foot foremost, but one hitch was all I could make."

"Why didn't you hitch out?" asked Jake.

"'Cause why I couldn't!" he continued; "for jest as commenced a makin' the first hitch, a knot or a sharp sliver, or somethin' catched inter the seat of my britches, and held me as tight as a wedge, and seein' as how tha was new, I found it impossible to tear loose. There I was, tight enough, and couldn't get neither one way nor t'other. I kickt and cust, and knockt around in the log thar for some time, till fust thing I knowed one of my legs got fast too, and I was in a particularer pickle nor ever.

"It seemed a little funny to me at fust to be in this fix, but shortly the fire begun to blaze in the end of the log thar, and to creep up atords me, and then I kinder got to feelin' oneasy; and when it got right up and cotch the handkerchief what I had tied around my head, I felt mortal skeered; and when it went to singin' of my har, I went to hollerin', and that's what brung you fellers out here I reckon."

True, that was what caused us to go, or rather caused Jake to go, and his going caused me to do likewise. And it was a lucky moment for Pete; for fire, in ten minutes at farthest, would have sent him to his long home. So much good came of going to "meetin'"—saved the life, as Jake had it, of a "feller-crittur."

LADIES' RIFLE-SHOOTING.—A novelty connected with competition in rifle-shooting has just occurred in Holywell, Flintshire, England. At a volunteer fete and contest, at which prizes were offered by Lord Fieldiog, and the officers of the Flint battalion, to the best marksman, six Holywell ladies competed for the Bright Eyes Sweepstakes, with Enfield rifles, shooting from a rest three shots each, at 100 yards' range. After some excellent shooting, the score stood as follows:—Mrs. Ashwin, 8; Mrs. Cope, 8; Miss Riscoe, 4; Mrs. Wolstenholme, 5; Miss E. Williams, 4; Miss Edwards, 6. On the tie between the two first named ladies being announced, the excitement was so strong to gain a near view, that the spectators could hardly be kept within safe bounds. After firing another round, enthusiasm rose to the highest pitch as Mrs. Ashwin scored a centre against Mrs. Cope's outer, thus winning the victory.

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| J. C. TROWBRIDGE, | J. QUEEN, |
| E. W. PRESCOTT. | F. WILMARTH, |
| J. L. GILBERT, | R. FREDERICKS, |
| J. P. ENDRES, | J. J. HILLIARD, |
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Stars visiting California should remember that Mr. Maguire is also proprietor of Maguire's Opera House, and Hayes' Park, San Francisco; the Metropolitan Theatre, Sacramento and Marysville. 10-tf

**NOTICE TO THE WASHINGTON PUBLIC.**—Beware of Thieves.—Certain unprincipled Negro performers in this city, have lately introduced a series of my Original Ethiopian Sketches. Farces, &c., and have had the audacity and brass to represent said material as original with themselves. At present this is my only method of redress; giving this notice to a generous public merely to show up such acts of thieving and trespass as ungentlemanly, contemptible, and calculated to injure my hard-earned reputation. CHARLES WHITE,
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The Sketches, Farces, &c., above alluded to, are as follows:—Black Chemist, Black Statue, Old Hut at Home, Vilikins and Dinah, Portrait Painter, Fisherman's Luck, Skating Carnival, Coopers, Rival Brothers, Mischievous Nigger, Uncle Jeff, Magic Penny, Burlesque Circus, Jealous Darkey, The Haunted House, and several others. 30-3t*

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**CARD PHOTOGRAPHS.**—ALL DESCRIPTIONS sent post paid for 25 cents each, by J. N. COX, 64 Nassau st., N. Y. 1t*

**CARD.**—FRANK QUEEN—Dear Sir: By publishing the following Cards in contradiction of two notices that appeared in the columns of your paper (without your knowledge of their falsity,) one on the 18th, and the other on the 25th of October, respecting the cause of my leaving Pike's Opera House, you will greatly oblige, Yours very truly, WM. SHIRES.

CARD.
The undersigned, members of the Dramatic Company at Pike's Opera House, engaged by, and recently under the management of Mr. WILLIAM SHIRES, so far from rejoicing at his withdrawal from the management of said House (as has been stated in the columns of the NEW YORK CLIPPER,) deem it our duty to state that the matter was regarded by one and all with profound regret, and also that during his intercourse with us, his conduct throughout was exemplary, kind, liberal, and highly honorable.

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| M. V. Lingham, | John Nickinson, | W. T. Higgins, |
| Geo. L. Aiken, | T. B. Porter, | Edwin Gross, |
| C. R. Erskine, | J. B. Evers, | Charles Hale, |
| George Burt, | Henry B. Phillips, | Sim. E. Rucker, |
| Peter C. Byrne, | J. T. M. Cain, | M. A. Farren, |
| Ann Sloan, | E. J. Phillips, | Chris. Zavistowski, |
| Annie Porter, | Agnes V. Burt. | |

CARD.
The undersigned, members of the Dramatic Company at the National Theatre, beg to acknowledge our great gratification at the return of Mr. WM. SHIRES to the management of said establishment, and also to express our unqualified approbation of his conduct as a manager and a gentleman.

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| J. B. Studley, | Geo. Stoddart, | D. A. Sarzedas, (Treas.) |
| M. W. Fisk, | Frank J. Frayne, | Chas. M. Lewis, |
| F. R. Pierce, | Annie Stoddart, | Miss Mary Radcliffe, |
| Nat Hyams, | Carrie Naverre, | Mrs. D. A. Sarzedas. |

As to the real cause of my leaving Pike's Opera House, I will state that, in the first place I made a very hard bargain with its proprietor, and, on my arrival in New York, found that a strong prejudice existed against said institution on account of the failure of a previous manager; that in consequence, I would be compelled to pay much higher salaries than I expected; on discovering which, I told Mr. Pike I would be unable to carry the enterprise through. In reply, he desired me to go on, engage a company, and he would make the matter entirely satisfactory to me. I went on, engaged people, opened on the 22d September, and although business was excellent, I found myself coming out of the little end of the horn, while Mr. Pike was making money hand over fist; and on his refusal to comply with his promise to alter our arrangement so as to give me some show, I refused to go on, and upon his assuming all responsibility to the company, I transferred the entire matter to him. As to the business being in proportion to the house since my withdrawal, the only way to reconcile such a statement to the truth, will be to reduce the Opera House to one third its present size, while the business at the National Theatre (which previous to my return was very poor) is now most excellent; in fact, the house, large as it is, has upon several occasions been too small to hold the people, and many have been compelled to go away. There are other circumstances connected with this matter which I will not trouble you with at present, and regret the necessity for saying thus much, in justice to myself. Yours very truly,
31-1t* WM. SHIRES.

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Musical Director.....J. KELK.
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| J. KELK, | J. H. KELLOGG, |
| G. POND, | SIG. LEWIS, |
| E. HOLMES, | A. S. PRENTISS, |
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31-3t* Agent and Business Director, A. S. PRENTISS.

**VARIETIES THEATRE,**
LATE ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE,
After a most successful season of over Eleven months, is now open with the following Company:

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| MISS C. MORLEY, | | MISS ROSE DE LUCE, |
| MISS FANNY THOMPSON, | | MISS MINNIE LANIER, |
| MLLE ADA LAURENT, | | MLLE JULIETTE, |
| MLLE THEODORA, | | MLLE CAROLISTA, |
| MISS LIDA HIBBARD, | | MLLE FLORA, |

MLLE LOUISE WALBY,

| | | |
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| EDWARD BERRY, | WM. M. REEVE. | T. H. JEFFERSON, |
| TOM CONY, | GEO. P. JAQUES, | NICK FOSTER, |
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FRANK STEELE,
A LARGE BALLET TROUPE,
Ballet Master.....SIGNOR CONSTANTINE,
Leader of Orchestra.....B. VOGEL.
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GEO. J. DEAGLE, Lessee.
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These, with many minor members constitute
A MONSTER COMPANY,
Who are nightly drawing crowded houses to witness their
CHASTE AND BRILLIANT PERFORMANCES.
THE VARIETIES
IS THE LARGEST, HANDSOMEST, BEST APPOINTED,
AND MOST COMFOTABLE
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Parties of acknowledged excellence desiring engagements, may Address GEO. J. DEAGLE, Varieties Theatre,
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W. C. SMYTHE.....Sole Lessee and Manager.
CONTINUED SUCCESS.
No abatement in the crowds that nightly throng the Varieties. The following Ladies and Gentlemen comprise the Company:
KATHLEEN O'NEIL,
KATHLEEN O'NEIL,

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| CLARA BERGER, | GEO. WARREN, |
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| KITTY LEE, | M. A. HARDY, |
| EMMA WHITING, | T. F. MACKAY, |
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Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged ability are requested to address the management.
☞ Stars liberally treated with. 31-1t*

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BALTIMORE, MD,
The above Establishment, carried on by the former Proprietor of the
NEW YORK MELODEON,
Is now in the full tide of success, engaging none but the most TALENTED PERFORMERS IN THE PROFESSION.
Strangers, visitors to Baltimore, must not forget to pay us a visit when they pass this way, as they will be sure to meet all the "NEW YORK FOLKS."
Performers of talent (and none others) can get larger Salaries, and better Engagements at this Establishment, than at any Concert Hall in the United States. Fare and traveling expenses paid from any place in the United States.
Apply by letter to Baltimore Melodeon, Md., or at 616 Broadway, New York City.

TO LET.—The Baltimore Museum, fitted up in a magnificent style, by the night, week, month, or year, situated on the principal street. 31-4t

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THE MODEL CONCERT HALL OF THE WORLD.
The Company now engaged at this popular place is
ONE OF THE BEST IN AMERICA.
☞ Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged ability wishing engagements will address
GEO. PERCIVAL & CO.,
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LIBERTY HALL, Alexandria, Va.,
Under the same Management.
All business letters for both places must be directed to Washington, D. C. 31-tf

**BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC,**
Lessee and Manager.....Mr. Wm. Wheatley.
Mr. Wheatley begs leave to inform the Brooklyn public that he has leased the Academy of Music for
TWO WEEKS,
during which
EDWIN FORREST
will appear in a round of his
GREAT CHARACTERS,
commencing on
MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 10, 1862,
with his celebrated impersonation of
VIRGINIUS,
in J. Sheridan Knowles'
CLASSICAL PLAY OF THE SAME NAME.
Wednesday Evening, Nov. 12,
EDWIN FORREST as HAMLET.
Thursday Evening, Nov. 13,
EDWIN FORREST as RICHELIEU.
Friday Evening, Nov. 14,
EDWIN FORREST as JACK CADE.
Mr. Wheatley also begs leave to announce that
MATILDA HERON
will make her
FIRST APPEARANCE IN BROOKLYN,
ON TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 11,
in her intensely interesting character of
CAMILLE.
The public are respectfully informed that none of Mr. Forrest's characters can by any possibility be repeated by him during the present season. 31-1t

**WASHINGTON VARIETIES.**
ALBERT HAMBLIN & CO.....Proprietors.
A. M. HERNANDEZ.....Acting Manager.
JAMES PILGRIM.....Stage Manager.
This new and beautiful temple of amusement will be completed and
OPENED FOR THE SEASON,
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22d, 1862.
For elegance and comfort, this Hall will not be excelled by any similar establishment in the country. VERY SUPERIOR ENTERTAINMENTS, embracing Pantomimes, Ballets, Ethiopian Acts, Singing, Dancing, &c., &c., will be given.
First class artists desiring engagements may address
POST OFFICE BOX, 506,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 1862. 31-4t

**MASONIC TEMPLE,** LOUISVILLE, KY.—This Hall is now open for the accommodation of FIRST CLASS TRAVELING COMPANIES; has Stage, Dressing Rooms, and all the modern improvements necessary for a First Class Hall. Will seat comfortably 1200 persons. For terms, &c., apply to
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JOHN SIGERSON.....Proprietor.
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WANTED—a FIRST CLASS DANSEUSE—none others need apply. Address as above, stating terms, &c. To one that will suit a permanent engagement will be given. 31-2t*

**NATIONAL THEATRE,**
BOSTON,
WILLIAM B. ENGLISH.....Manager.
MISS KATE FISHER,
Is now playing the Ninth week of her
BRILLIANT ENGAGEMENT,
Appearing nightly before crowded houses, in her unparalleled list of varied and interesting characters, and never-ending variety of Songs and Dances. 31-1t

**TO THE PUBLIC.**—MISS KATE FISHER has added to her repertoire W. B. English's Original Equestrian Drama of "MIKE MARTIN," as played by her at the National Theatre, Boston, for upwards of three weeks, to overflowing houses. She has also the best trick Horse in the country, the celebrated Alexander; also several new Equestrian Dramas, written expressly for her. All letters addressed to the care of FRANK QUEEN, CLIPPER OFFICE, will be attended to. 31-4t*

**BANJO TAUGHT,** PROFICIENT, IN TWELVE LESSONS, for $5 in advance, by the DOBSON BROS., 169 Wooster street.
DOBSON'S SUPERIOR BANJOS, Price $10. 31-1t*

## OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for Geo. Hill, Billy Boyd, Chas. A. Morris, Wattie Rusher, W. H. Griffin, Sidney Wilkins, J. T. Boyce, C. A. Borce, R. Heller (California letter), E. Kelly, G. H. O'Hara, Col. Allston Brown, Miss Emily Thomas and Wally Thomas.

## CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, NOV. 10, '62.

Election is over, and once more New York is safe. In the way of amusements, nobody was hurt by the election, for on Tuesday night the theatres were better attended than they have been on any election night for many years. This week our population will thin off a little, a great many radicals having already secured their passages for Salt River and a market. Our actor friends have great cause of rejoicing in consequence of the indefinite postponement of the draft. Many show actors will now hold up their heads, and return to their boarding houses, from which they have been absent ever since the enrollment commenced. For making no draft on our theatrical stock, Gen. Anthon will be duly remembered.

Business continued good until Friday, when the great snow-storm put an embargo on the theatres, and lessened the labors of the treasurers for the balance of the week.

Mr. Forrest closed at Niblo's on the 7th, for a couple of weeks, during which time he will appear at the Academy, in Brooklyn. This has been one of the most successful engagements ever played by the great tragedian. His own pieces, the "Gladiator" and "Jack Cade," never fail him. When the public tire of Shakspeare, Cade and Spartacus will fill the house to overflowing. The tragedy of the "Gladiator" was written by Dr. Bird, for Mr. Forrest, with a view to a proper display of the powers and talents of that actor. It has now been performed upward of thirty years, the first representation being given at the Arch street theatre, Philadelphia, October 24, 1831. It has retained its popularity to the present time. "Oraloosa," a tragedy founded on the cruelties of the Spaniards in Peru, was also written by Dr. Bird for Mr. Forrest, shortly after the production of the "Gladiator," but it never became popular, and has not been performed for many years. The "Broker of Bogota" followed, but it also failed to please the masses, although it is conceded to be superior, as a specimen of dramatic act. "Jack Cade" was written for Mr. Forrest by Robert T. Conrad, now deceased, in whose office (the *Philadelphia Gazette*) the writer of this article was once employed as "devil." The tragedy was produced under the name of "Jack Cade;" subsequently, however, Mr. Forrest suggested some alterations in it, and in its new shape it was brought out at the Arch Street, Philadelphia, June 16, 1841, under the title of "Aylmere, or the Kentish Rebellion." It met with great success. Some years elapsed, and the tragedy was again brought out under its original title, "Jack Cade," which it holds to this day. Mr. Forrest, anxious to encourage native talent, had early offered a prize of $500 for the best Indian tragedy. J. Augustus Stone's "Metamora" took the prize. There were several competitors, among them one, who, being a New Yorker, fully expected to win and wear the laurels. Being disappointed, he offered his tragedy to Mr. Wm. B. Wood, then manager of the Chesnut street theatre, Philadelphia. The following will give the reader an idea of the author's peculiar "style:"

NEW YORK, December 16, 1828.

Sire Mr.——— I write to you to let you now that I have Com Posed a new peace called Eank Roe or the Eangan Cheafe Mr. forst ofered 500 Dollars for a Eangean Peace i Coll on him after he Came from Philada and he Told me he Did sfer 500 Dollars but he was not the Perisen that was to Pay for it Mr. forst is gone to Boston and Left me to find out how is to Pay for it it is fineshed in the indene stil now Mr.——— i tel you with out flatery that this Pease is worth Taken notes of and it Remains with you to in Corege Tradged Ritten and i have a nother Coled the Camden Butey or the gearle he loved i have Som expence to Pay on this Riten and If you want them you will have to Send me ten or twenty Dollars and if thes Peases ear got aplord I Shall Charg you noth for them if you say Rit to me and i will send them By the Steam Bot earch Street i have a nother Riten i will Put it out 1829 Coled the Triumps of america win i Present this Pease i Shall Bring it my Self and Take apeartin it my Self i will be under the necesety of Selen it heare if you do not Sen on Dirickley I Remain your friend J. P.

Dirick your later Chapel Street corner of Warren street, No. 21.

We never learned what became of "Eank Roe or the Eangan Cheafe," but no doubt the "Camden Buey" and "Eangan Cheafe" are resting together on some managerial shelf. Metamora was, at one time, as popular as the Gadiator, but it is not so now. Stone died some years ago, and Mr. Forrest erected a monument over his remains. Mr. Forrest improves with age, and was never so popular as he is at the present time.

The music hall and concert interest in this State helped to wipe out the radicals in the recent election. These radicals, or republicans—call them what you will—passed a law against a certain class of amusements, which threw thousands of honest and industrious people out of employment. These people, mostly poor, had no remedy, except that afforded them through the ballot box. Silently, but effectually, they went to work, and flexed to swell the vote which hurls their oppressors from place and power. It is a triumph of right and justice over the influence of the money power. It is the beginning and the end of oppressive dynasty. We hope soon to hear that the law against our cheap places of amusement has been repealed. It must be repealed. This law is a stepping stone to a like interference with other of our amusements. Let those interested, look to it.

A concert in aid of the institution established for the maintenance and education of children of deceased and disabled soldiers is to be given at the Academy of Music, on Thursday evening, Nov. 20th. A chorus of 500 children from the public schools of the 13th ward will assist. Let all who can afford it, contribute to make the concert a success.

Hooley's Minstrels are taking Brooklyn by storm. The press has postage stamped them as great performers.

Wood's Minstrels had another cheering week of it.

reat to witness the performances of this excellent company. The entrance to the hall, which is directly opposite the great "St. Nicholas Tavern," is an illuminated title page to the good things to be enjoyed within.

Matilda Heron gave us two more doses of Camille, at Niblo's, last week. Miss Heron performs the part most excellently well, but don't you think she looks like a very robust and healthy consumptive? She goes with Mr. Forrest to the Brooklyn Academy this week, playing on the off nights.

Mr. Edwin Booth closes his engagement at the Winter Garden on the 15th. Last week he gave us Claude Melnotte, but failed to create a favorable impression. Mrs. Barrow, as Pauline, was so so; a younger actress might have looked the part better, if nothing more. The two go to Boston next.

The Bryants are not hurt a bit by the Dutch Oper, at Wallack's old stand; the only shy house the Bryants have had of late was that on the night of the big storm. A pretty good bill is offered for this week, and the usual squeeze will probably be the consequence.

Business was tending downward at Laura Keene's, so the manager concluded to shelve that abomination, "No Rest for the Wicked." Charles Reade's "Rachel the Reaper" is announced for this evening, and we hope that Rachel may reap good houses for Laura.

Mr. Forrest and Miss Heron will return to Niblo's at the close of their Brooklyn performances, when "Macbeth" is to be brought out in style by Mr. Forrest, and it is rumored that Miss Heron is to appear in a new play founded on the celebrated novel by Mrs. Wood, entitled "East Lynne."

Little Teresa Carreno, eight years of age, from Caraccas, Venezuela, gave a sort of initiatory concert at Irving Hall, on the 7th. Not being present, we cannot say how the little lady made out. We hope she may have a lively and profitable career-o.

That clever little play, "Bosom Friends," is to be withdrawn, at Wallack's, on the 11th, that being its eleventh representation. It is to be followed on the 12th by the "Central Park."

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams are to commence an engagement at the Winter Garden on the 17th inst. For drawing great houses, these celebrated artistes are like Mr. Forrest; and, like Mr. Forrest, they have gained their present enviable position through their own exertions, and by dint of patient industry and hard work.

At Niblo's Garden, this evening, Gabriel Ravel and Young America commence a "farewell engagement" before extending the big trapeze across the Atlantic. Gabriel is certainly over six years old, and we therefore take a sportsman's liberty in rating his teeth as "aged." No doubt Young America will prove a successful colt on the European track. Strong team. Well mated, if not exactly matched.

Off for New Orleans. At last we have the gratification of announcing that New Orleans is once more to be provided with amusement. Duprez & Green's celebrated minstrel band—New Orleans and Metropolitan Minstrels—are to sail on Thursday, Nov. 12, for New Orleans, where they have been engaged to open at the Academy of Music, St. Charles street, as soon as they shall have arrived. They will probably remain there during the winter, an engagement to that effect having been made with Dr. Spalding, who is now in this city. This troupe of minstrels is one of the best ever organized in the United States. It is complete in every department, and its managers conduct their affairs in a strictly business-like manner. We recommend Messrs. Duprez & Green to the patronage of all lovers of amusement in the Crescent City.

We are glad to perceive that the outrageous nuisance of certain extra smart people jumping up during the last scene of some performance, and annoying sensible people by rushing out helter skelter, is attracting the attention of our contemporaries generally. Let a united effort be made to check this nuisance.

Tom Benoit, James Robertson, and other recruits for Chiarini's Circus in Havana, left New-York on the 6th.

Mr. Abecco, the well-known harpist and vocalist, has been engaged by Mr. Thomas Maguire, the California manager, for one year, and will leave New-York for San Francisco on the 11th inst. Mr. Abecco is a desirable man in a minstrel company, whether in solo performances, or part singing. We wish him every success "in the land he is going to."

Wm. Sefton, son of John Sefton, comedian, arrived in this city a few weeks since, from California, where he has been residing for the past eight years. Mr. Sefton is a scenic artist, and his productions are said to be of a very high order. At present he is disengaged, no publicity having before been given to his arrival.

Mr. "John Chester," otherwise Isaac C. Pray, "the illustrious predecessor" of Frank Marden in the "management" biz. at Quebec, and who subsequently stepped out to England, leaving the entire field of glory to Frank, has now returned to this city "direct" from England. Doubtless there are many worthy "people" in the profession who will now say, (especially as Frank is hereabouts, and quite serene) "Charge, Chester, charge! On, Marden, on!"

The new comedy, "Goldfishing," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, to be produced at Laura Keene's, has nothing to do with Barnum's Aquaria. A new fairy spectacle is promised by Lady Laura for Christmas.

"The Corsican Bride" is the title in English, of a new opera with German words, by Dr. Kohler, and the music by E. Mollenhauer, the leader of the Winter Garden orchestra, and is soon to be produced at the Deutsche Oper, in Broadway. The principal incidents have been taken from "Rosa Gregorio."

D. Miranda sailed for Europe on the 8th, in the steamship Edinburg.

Italian opera is down for to-night, 10th, sure, at the Academy. Italian opera is a ticklish business. It ruins more than it benefits. In a notice of the coming season, the *Herald*, of the 7th says:—

"For some time past New York has been without opera. The public has manifested every disposition to attend the Academy, but no manager has had faith enough in his star, and influence enough over the stockholders to venture to undertake the season. Nixon, who can tame a tiger and control a whole menagerie, failed in his attempt to manage the opera, and was so torn to pieces between *prime donne* tenors, chorus girls and stockholders, that no one can find enough left of him (except in the form of unpaid bills) to put in a glass case at Barnum's, with a label outside inscribed, 'Remains of a victim of the Academy of Music.' Since that time our fashionables have had to be content with Wood's colored opera, and have displayed their rich silks and Parisian head-dresses in his *tijou* theatre, accepting Fox, instead of Brignoli, and applauding Horn in Susini's *roles*."

Hooley's Minstrels are making a big strike in Brooklyn, and they are now a fixed institution there. A new hall, to cost $30,000, is now being erected for Mr. Hooley, and it is thought that it may be completed by the opening of spring. It is on Fulton street, in close proximity to the City Hall. We are pleased to record Mr. Hooley's progress with our Brooklyn friends.

John F. Poole's new sensation drama, "Blueskin; or, Jack and His Pals," was produced at the New Bowery theatre, on Saturday evening, 8th. The play is supposed to represent incidents "heretofore undramatised," in the life of "Jack Sheppard." The house, notwithstanding the storm, was full, every seat being occupied, while the "boys" in the third tier were obliged to stand "on each others shoulders." Boniface played the housebreaking hero, in a style eliciting the rather loud remark from a gallery gal, "Bully for Bonny." Mrs. Jones as Edgeworth Bess, whose love for Jack is made one of the strong features of the play, gave us a charming bit of comedy. Manager Lingard did Blueskin to a spot. Donnelly, as Tim O'Rourke, and Brookes, as Turnip-top, were gloriously funny, while pretty Fanny Denham, as Dolly Daybreak, Blueskin's lady, done splendidly. At the conclusion of the play, which was one of the successes of the day, Boniface and Mrs. Jones were called before the curtain, after which Manager Lingard and Miss Denham had to respond to a similar call; Brookes and Donnelly were next summoned, and duly appeared, and when we left, the gods were loud in their call for "Nunan! Nunan!"

A new historical play, by Mrs. Bateman, called "Marie Antoinette," is to be produced at our Winter Garden some fine evening in January, or whenever Miss Bateman returns from Boston.

That Santiago Opera Troupe were to leave this port positively on the 10th, in the steamer British Queen, for Havana. Maretzek has at last "prevailed" upon Mdme. Borchard to go with the party. By St. Iago! they have been a long time going—going—gone.

## DRAMATIC.

Theatricals appear to be flourishing out West as well as in our own city. In Pittsburgh, to the surprise of every one, the theatre has been doing a larger business this season, so far, than during any corresponding time for the past two or three years. Considering that so many of the people have friends and relations on the tented field, and in the various hospitals, the success of amusements is to be wondered at. Crowded houses seem not only to be all the go in the Smoky City, but Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and even Cleveland, we learn, has been doing an immense business. "Now and Then," our Pittsburgh correspondent, says:—"Mr. Couldock, assisted by his daughter, commenced a short engagement of six nights on Monday evening, Nov. 3, opening in the "Willow Copse." The house was crowded to repletion, and Mr. and Miss C. met with a hearty reception from their Pittsburgh friends. They leave here on Saturday night for Baltimore, where they have an extended engagement of some eight weeks between the Monumental City and Washington. In their absence, Mr. E. Eddy, from your Bowery, comes here to play, I think, his first star engagement in our city. It is stated that he is just the style of actor to draw big for at least a fortnight, and, consequently, no falling off in receipts is looked for.....The high price of silver, or rather, the depreciation of paper money, must work very injuriously against all amusements now throughout the West. Silver, for instance, is selling here at twenty-five cents, and the treasurer of the "Old Drury" cannot pay out less than fifty dollars per night in change for notes offered in payment of tickets. Doubtless, many persons patronize the theatre for the mere purpose of getting change, as most store keepers will not look at a note unless one purchases at least seventy-five cents worth of goods, while the accommodating treasurer of the theatre tips out a silver half dollar for every fifty cent ticket bought with a "promise to pay." Of course this may induce people to come who would otherwise remain at home, but does it not at the same time cut off a considerable slice of the cream? Postage currency is very scarce in our neighborhood, and although we were promised a distribution of $50,000 over a week ago, it has not yet made its appearance. Either an abundance of it, or a reduction in the price of silver, would certainly be a great relief to all who have to make change.....A party of friends assembled at the St. Clair hotel on Saturday evening, for the purpose of showing their approbation, in a substantial manner, of the talented actress, Mrs. D. Myron, the leading lady of the theatre company. A handsome silver medal was presented to this favorite actress ere the party retired. On one side it bears the inscription, "Presented to Mrs. D. Myron by her admirers, as a token of the appreciation of her talents;" while on the other, "Pittsburgh, Nov., 1862," modestly appears. It is encircled with pretty chased gold bands, and is certainly a fine specimen of workmanship."

Manager Macfarland opened Squeir's Opera House, Grand Rapids, Mich., on the 24th of October. He has with him Jessie Macfarland, Lizzie Wood, J. H. Jones, A. Macfarland, W. Chaple, G. Gilbert, and C. E. Churchill. Mons. Martenia performs on the floating wire.

Miss Charlotte Thompson, after concluding her Philadelphia engagement, opened at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, on the 3d, in "Camille." "Little Fadette" was underlined.

The lion and the lamb are about to lie down together in Albany, for we learn that the editors of the *Knickerbocker* have purchased old St. Paul's Church, which they are converting into a theatre. As high priests and talbactors are alike going in for this revival of the drama, we trust that the public will accord the spirited management a cordial patronage.

Miss Kate Fisher, who has created quite a sensation in Boston by her daring acts of equestrianism in "Mazeppa," and such pieces, has just added one of the new plays there performed, "Mike Martin," to her repertoire, for performance in other cities. This piece is an original production by Mr. W. B. English, and has been played at his theatre, in Boston, for three weeks, to excellent business. Miss Kate Fisher performs with the trick horse Alexander. Managers desiring the services of "bonny Kate," will please note her advertisement in this issue of the CLIPPER.

Our old Pittsburgh correspondent, "Adelphi," now with Gen. McClellan's army, has been on a visit to Washington, and gives us his "experience" of amusements, etc., in that city. His letter is dated Alexandria, Va., Oct. 31. He says:—The undersigned has just returned from a flying trip to Washington, and having succeeded in gathering a few items during my stay, proceed to disgorge for the edification of "ye Clipperites." The "City of Magnificent Distances—(and if any of "yous fellars" have ever attempted to increase your store of knowledge by looking in upon the "objects of interest" in this goodly village, you'll agree with me that the above appellation is by no means a misnomer, for the space intervening between one point of attraction and another, is truly magnificent—using the word in a peculiar sense)—just now presents one of the gayest and most flourishing prospects of any place in the Northern Confederacy, excepting, *perhaps*, the dwelling-place of the modern Gothamites. The city is crowded with pedestrians, the majority composed of "blue-bellies," and the great proportion of those, "shoulder-straps." It is really astonishing, the number of officers always to be found loafing around Washington. Officers are noticed here day after day—officers whose commands are in the field far away—lounging around "Willard's," the "Metropolitan," and other hotels, or promenading the Avenue, dressed to death, quizzing the ladies, and "piling on the agony" generally; they are of all grades, from Colonel down. The presence of these men is necessary with their commands, and the authorities should adopt measures to send them there, and at once reform this glaring disgrace to the service, by putting an end to the course affairs have been taking for some time. But this has naught to do with the CLIPPER, I hear you sharply remark, so I'll simmer.....Washington is well supplied with amusements, to drive dull care away in these troublous times, suiting all classes, sexes, ages, and tastes. Ford's and Grover's theatres are both in full blast, and doing a first-rate business. At the former, the establishment of John T., Gabriel Ravel and Troupe are holding forth, proving quite an attraction for the lovers of this particular line of biz. Gabriel's infant pupil, "Young America," is causing quite a sensation, and it's no wonder, considering his extraordinary performances. Young America takes a "ben." this evening. I understand the troupe will continue here next week, should the style of houses warrant.....At Grover's, the beautiful and dashing actress, Miss Lucille Western, is charming the admirers of the drama, appearing in her usual round of characters, including Peg Woffington. Miss Kate Denin made her appearance this week.....The Olympic Music Hall continues to move along with uninterrupted prosperity. The latest additions at this house has been the Hernandez Ballet and Pantomime Troupe, which commenced on Monday night, and have been drawing like "a six-horse team" every night, proving a splendid card for the management. The rivalry between this and the Ravel Troupe is strong, and it is difficult to tell which has got the best of it. I think an equal division just. The company engaged at the Olympic is very extensive, and the managers present novelty after novelty in rapid succession—everything the best in the market, too—and if the numerous patrons of the establishment are not satisfied, it would be impossible to please them. Charley Gardner, one of the best negro comedians on the stage, and one who is daily rising in his profession, is an immense favorite at this place.....The Canterbury Hall is doing a fair business. An excellent company is performing here.....The Cremorne Garden Circus, on the avenue, is receiving a goodly share of patronage, as the talent displayed assuredly deserves. Eaton Stone, the famous "wild horseman," is performing here. The "small people" are a decided attraction. Performances are given afternoon and evening.....Gardner and Hemmings, circus managers, have their posters out, promising to sail along in a few days..... Barnum's Circus opened on Cameron street, Alexandria, last evening, to a good house. He remains three days, giving six performances, afternoon and evening. P. T. B. advertises well, and fully understands all the "dodges" adopted to draw the "dear public," and if *he* don't succeed, nobody will.....Liberty Hall moves along in the even tenor of its way. Biz. good during the week.....A new hall has been opened by Hugh Clark in King street, near the outskirts of the town. I have not visited the concern as yet.

A new drama, written for the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., was produced at that establishment last week. It is called "Uncle Pete, or Cabin and Parlor," and gives Mr. Geo. Kunkell an opportunity to display his abilities. Miss Adie Proctor has a prominent part in the play, as Isabel.

Yankee Miller's Parlor Dramatic Company were at Niles, Mich., last week. According to the programme betore us, Miller and his men were having a "triumphant success! patronised by the *elite!* crowded houses, and delighted audiences." There are seven Millers at work, and they "keep the mill a going" quite lively.

Norfolk, Va., is ours again. A Northern company is now in possession of the Norfolk Opera House, which temple of the drama was opened by Mr. S. W. Glenn, on Monday evening, Nov. 3d, with the following company:—Mesdames C. Marshall, F. Williams: Misses S. Henri, Annie Hodges, A. Morgan, Mollie Devere; Messrs. C. B. Bishop, S. K. Chester, Herndon, A. J. Grason, Walton, Withers, J. Whittaker, N. Forrester, and Sam Glenn. "Thespian," a correspondent, writing on the 5th, says—"Manager Glenn was rewarded with a good house on his opening night. Among those present, we noticed Gen. Viele (military governor of Norfolk) and family; Col. Sanders, of the 19th Wisconsin, and several prominent naval officers. Owing to the non-arrival of several members of the company, "The Maid of Munster" was substituted for "The Boys of Jubilee House." Miss Mary Mitchell, a sister of Maggie, volunteered for the occasion, performing Kate, in the opening piece. "Conjugal Lesson," with Mrs. Fred. Williams as Mrs. Lullbaby, concluded the performance. We understand that Maggie Mitchell is to be the first star."

In Schenectady, Manager W. Hough is running a theatrical establishment. He opened on the 27th ult., with Annie Senter as the star. J. H. Allen opened for a week on the 3d.

Miss Julia Daly has met with great success in St. Louis. In his letter of Nov. 6, our correspondent "Seneca" says:—Miss Julia Daly is taking the people by storm during her present engagement, and now appears nightly in opera, to crowded houses. On Monday night, 3d inst., the opera of "The Bohemian Girl" was produced, with Julia Daly as Arline, and Ben De Bar as Devilshoof, and the "whole company of the St. Louis Theatre, with many auxiliaries," in the chorus. The very mention of an opera is enough to draw out our citizens *en masse*, and on Monday night, and ever since, the theatre has been crowded, and Miss Daly has been winning golden opinions by her sweet rendering of the music of her part. With a voice of no great power, but magic sweetness, she exhibits the effects of careful cultivation, in that she sings with correctness, brilliancy and grace, the many beautiful airs her part—Arline—abounds in. Ben De Bar, as Devilshoof, is, as always, splendid in "make up," and he sings the music of his part as well as he does everything else he tries, and that is as well as possible. The piece is well put upon the stage, and the costumes are very good.....Miss Coombs succeeds Miss Daly, on Monday, the 10th inst.....Kit Carson" still holds the boards at the Varieties, and the trained horse "Don Juan" is one of the best actors in the piece. Under the instruction of Mr. Wm. R. Derr, this horse bids fair to prove a phenomenon of tractability and talent; so much so, that it is rumored when the season of benefits comes round, "Don Juan" will take his in turn with the bipeds. Business continues excellent, and added to other attractions, commencing on the 4th, is the daring tight-rope performances of "M'lle Carolista, the female Blondin," who makes ascensions from the rear of the stage to the upper gallery, in "daring" style. The large company of the Varieties enables Deagle to offer great attractions to the audiences, not only in the goodness of the performances, but the variety of talent of his "people," which includes all that is usually seen and heard in the theatre, concert hall, or circus. This it is, added to able management on the stage, which has made the Varieties one of the institutions of the city, and its success perfectly wonderful. "Putnam" is now in rehearsal, and will soon be produced, as will also "Zoranda."

The second week of the Female Forty Thieves, at the National, Boston, closed on the 8th. Miss Kate Fisher was the Haserac. Miss Fisher has played a long and successful engagement in Boston.

By a "double-header" of a card, which the reader may find on the sixth page of this issue, from Manager William Shires, of the National, Cincinnati, it appears that we have, unintentionally, been led into a misunderstanding of the circumstances connected with the recent separation between Messrs. Pike & Shires, at Pike's Opera House in that city. We make this explanation here with the most perfect willingness and voluntary good feeling towards Brother Shires, first, because we recognize among the signatures to his card the handwriting of several ladies and gentlemen whom we more or less respect; and, secondly, because we have on various previous occasions found great difficulty in describing the affairs of Pike's Opera House with that degree of truth and impartiality we always endeavor to preserve towards all the members of the dramatic profession, and its collateral branches of art. "What am de matter at Pike's," is sure to be enveloped in mystery, although we have several talented and conscientious correspondents in Cincinnati. Whatever "de matter" may be, we have no interest in it; and, even if we had, it could not influence our line of duty in these columns. Our usual correspondents in Cincinnati are persons in whom we have great confidence, and we generally find them reliable and impartial. A few weeks ago, we had several volunteer correspondents in Cincinnati, who seemed somewhat vexed because we declined to acknowledge them as such in various ways. They took advantage of the unavoidable irregularities in public performances consequent upon the proclamation of martial laws, to point out a few trifling variations which even parties on the spot could not possibly have foreseen. But, as for intentionally misrepresenting Brother Shires, or any member of the profession, we never had any such idea, and we are now heartily glad to find that his "posish" is so affectionately acknowledged by those ladies and gentlemen who have the best right to know.

Mrs. Wyatt and the little Wyatts play in New Haven, Conn., Thanksgiving night.

There are three theatres open in Washington, D. C., Ford's, Grover's, and Nixon's. Grover's and Ford's are doing well, while Nixon is poorly patronized.

Mr. Geo. F. Fuller is the lessee of the Louisville Theatre, and Mr. Grierson is his stage manager. Mr. J. Wilkes Booth has copyrighted the new scene in the "Marble Heart," and will play it at the east this season. Mr. Booth is now in Cincinnati, at the National.

Wellington Meech, lessee of the Metropolitan Theatre, Rochester, N. Y., has just entered into an engagement with a young lady of Rochester, for life. On the 3d inst., in Rochester, Mr. Meech and Miss Helen Gough were united in marriage by Rev. Dr. Claxton. We wish them a happy and prosperous engagement.

Adah Isaacs Menken, who had recovered sufficiently to resume her performances at the National, Cincinnati, brought her engagement to a close on the 8th inst. Business at the National dropped off last week. J. Wilkes Booth follows Miss Menken, opening on the 10th. Miss Jennie Parker was also announced for the 10th.

Maggie Mitchell closed her brief but profitable engagement at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 7th, on which occasion she produced a new play, which is said to need pruning in dialogue, and an infusion of incident to make it successful. R. E. J. Miles and his horse succeeded Maggie, on the 8th.

Mr. S. Draper's company have been dividing their time between Milwaukee and Madison; was last in Madison, but will return to Milwaukee this week. Mr. John Dillon made his first appearance in Madison, on the 3d, after an absence of five years. The house was crowded. Mr. Dillon's first appearance on any stage was in that city. The following is a list of Mr. Draper's company:—Messrs. R. S. Meldrum, Charley Salisbury, John Herbert, Will J. Wiggins, Henry Wilson, George Lascelles, W. R. Hayden, George W. Harrison, Mrs. C. Salisbury, Misses Alice A. Harrison, Utie Clifford, Julia Mortimer, Emma Virginia, &c.

J. W. Neafie having sprained one of his ankles, Manager Tom Hampton was deprived of his services, as originally intended to commmence on the 3d, but was expected to "go in" with Jack Cade on the 10th. However, the stock company, led by L. P. Boys and Anna Levering, carried Tom safely through the week with pretty fair biz. Neafie will do the Forrestian list when he gets his hand—no, ankle—in.

Joseph Proctor has purchased "The Corsair's Bride," that is to say, the drama of that name, by Henry Gratton Plunkett.

We are pleased to learn that E. W. Watson, a useful member of Tom Hampton's dramatic company at the People's, Hartford, has now fairly won that rich and beautiful widow. The great trouble on such occasions is that the example is apt to be contagious. Accordingly, E. T. Clinton, another of Tom's company, ran off with and married a lady only fifteen years of age. The young lady's father and Tom immediately went into the heavy biz., rode ten miles, and brought the culprits back—but—just in time to be too late.

The (so called) Webb Sisters are drawing well at Buckland's, Montreal, and Effie Germon seems a permanent favorite.

Charlotte Thompson is now toeing the mark in Toronto, and we may presume that "Little Fadetie" will make her "cricket" talk some evening this week.

"Kinder curus, aint it?" We naturally hear of how even such a sterling actor as J. W. Wallack, Jr., does this or that character better, as circumstances may favor him, and how rapidly that worthily ambitious young Bostonian, Edwin Adams, rises in his profession; but, Miss Bateman remains—as at first announced by the Deacon—"the greatest actress of our day." Francois Ravel used to go up "that ladder," and did very well; but the Deacon must needs pull it up after him. "Kinder curus, aint it?"

Edwin Booth's administration at the Boston Academy of Music commences on the 24th, with Mrs. Julia Bennett Barrow, Miss Emily Mestayer, Miss Nina Foster, Miss Anderson, Mr. H. F. Daly, (through permission of Miss Laura Keene), and Messrs. Thomas Barry, C. Walcot, Jr., Owens, Levick, J. J. Prior, Marlowe, Wilkins, Ferris, Russell, Smith, etc. This looks like biz. Well done, Edwin.

J. S. Clarke is drawing large audiences at the Arch Street, Philadelphia. He is now in his third week. Sterling Coyne's drama, "Industry and Idleness, or the Merchant and his Clerks," has been produced, with Mr. Clarke as Christopher Cockles.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport are in their second week at the Walnut, Philadelphia. A new drama, the "Black Doctor," is announced for the current week. It is said to be replete with startling incidents, scenic effects, and beautiful tableaux.

Miss Charlotte Thompson's engagement at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, closed on the 8th. On the 5th, Lotty's version of "Fanchon," called "Little Fadette," was produced for the first time there, and was likely to remain on the bills if Lotty could have stayed longer. W. H. Leake and G. S. Parkes were the twin brothers.

Good news for the playwrights. Already translated. The fine old French story, by Emilie Chevaliers, relating to the early colonization of Canada, called "Thirty-Nine Men to One Woman," is soon to be published. A fine chance for quarreling over an "original play." 39 to 1 it is done.

Mr. and Miss Richings are now in their second week at Ellsler's Academy of Music, Cleveland, and their audiences seem very unwilling to part with them, but "duty calls" to Ford's, Washington, on the 24th.

Papa Bateman must look out, for a Miss Kate Seldon, having a "rich" papa, made her first appearance on the 4th, at Pittsburgh, as Louisa, in "The Dead Shot."

## CIRCUSES.

By recent advices from South America, we have received intelligence of the death of Charles H. Bassett, at Guayaquil, on the 15th Oct. Deceased was concerned as leader of the Circo-Olympo-Americano Company since leaving the Old California U. S. Circus in the hands of the Aymar Family. Mr. Bassett was not a medical man by education or by profession, but the title of "Doctor" was familiarly applied to him on account of being a son of the late Dr. Benjamin Bassett, of Peekskill, Westchester county, N. Y. At the time of Mr. Bassett's death he must have been just about entering his thirty-fifth year. His company consisted of Geo. Constable, Wm. Painter, John Rees, Ed. Rowle, Alex. Montarg, and (the Skeleton) Montarg. We understand that there are "two sides of the way" to the rumors lately received from South America in relation to the disputes between deceased and the Aymar Family. Singularly enough, a letter in our last issue, signed "R. J. Pressington," had just begun to attract the attention of deceased's friends, when news came of his death, and we herewith make room for some interesting and explanatory particulars:—

"FRIEND QUEEN—In your paper of the 8th inst., I observed an article purporting to have been written by one "R. J. Pressington," vindictively assailing the private character of one who in life was highly respected and universally esteemed by all who knew him—except a few vampires who, through his generosity, lived upon and squandered his means—and whose death brought sadness to the hearts of his numerous friends, all of whom mourn the loss of Charles Bassett, (known as 'Doctor Bassett.') I send you this communication for the purpose of vindicating and doing justice to the character of one who has passed from time to eternity, and knows not of and cannot reply to this scurrillous attack upon his character.

Charles Bassett commenced his career as a showman in the spring of 1846, with Sands, Lent & Co., with whom he remained, steadily advancing in his profession, and winning the esteem, respect, and confidence of the managers as well as his associates, until 1858, when he was sent to California in charge of the elephants belonging to Sands, Nathans & Co., which they sold after their arrival to Messrs. Wilson and Hendrickson, who engaged Bassett to travel with the elephants, and gave him the privilege of starting a side-show, which he did, and at the close of the season of 1860 he found himself the possessor of about $5000, on the profits of his show and savings from his salary. Unfortunately for him, he then entered into an arrangement with Messrs. Walter B. and William T. Aymar and William Painter—bought and fitted out a vessel for the purpose of making a tour to the Sandwich Islands, Chili, and Peru; but, being forestalled by Mr. Wilson, gave up the undertaking, and sold out the vessel and outfit at a sacrifice of about $500. In order to train their horses they hired a ranch, the expense of which was about $1100 or $1200. They also hired the American Theatre for an equestrian drama, by which (on account of the weather being bad in March, 1861) a further loss of $1500 was sustained, all of which was paid by Doctor Bassett. In order to start the concern for country travel, Doctor was compelled to borrow money on his own personal responsibility; which he did to the amount of $5000 of Mr. P., an eminent lawyer of San Francisco, and which he afterwards fully paid. The cost of fitting up the concern was about $8200, nearly all of which was furnished by Charley. During the season, the Aymars and Painter drew out of the concern about $1700. At the close of the season the books showed the profits to be about $8000, out of which the Aymars and Painter had received $1700, and Bassett had paid the loan of Mr. P., and interest, amounting to nearly $6000, leaving him some $4700 short of the amount he had advanced, which includes the expenses, by ship, to Peru. On arriving at Lambayaqua the Aymars became dissatisfied; and Bassett, thinking it better to submit to the loss which he had already sustained by reason of his association with them, than to continue longer and lose more, sold out the concern to the Aymars for $4000, and took a mortgage payable in two months. Allow me Mr. Editor, to trespass upon your space a little farther in briefly reviewing Mr. Pressington's communication:—

*First.*—Why is it that he claims the sympathy of all who read his article, if, as he says, he is "an uninterested party (never having seen any member of the company before?") Every paragraph of his article shows that he is not only an interested party, but a base calumniator of the character of the dead—of one who while living was honored, respected, and loved by a large circle of friends, who can and will by documentary and other evidence, vindicate the character of the departed, and show it to have been unspotted by one dishonest or dishonorable act.

*Second.*—The statement "that the $5000 necessary to fit out the concern was not furnished by Bassett, and was furnished by the Aymars," as also the statements as to "the success of the concern at Callao and Lima," and "as to Bassett leaving Callao with $700 or $800," belonging to Mrs. Aymar—are each and all of them base and malicious falsehoods.

*Third.*—In regard to Constable, Painter, and Reese following Bassett, I have only to say that they would have left in the same steamer had they not been compelled to stay for the purpose of getting their salaries from Messrs. Aymar, which they failed in doing, only being able to get $150. As to the statement in regard to Bassett's ingratitude to Mrs. Aymar for her kindness to him when sick in California, I have only to say that when the whole party were living upon Mr. Bassett's generous bounty, duty required them to spare no exertion to ameliorate his condition. In conclusion, I would say that the article in question was undoubtedly written, or at least dictated by one of the Aymar's, who thought to cover up and evade their own conduct and liability by assailing the character of the dead—of one to whom they were indebted for their sustenance and support for two years, and whose purse they had totally depleted. Such scurrilous, base, and lying charges as are contained in Mr. Pressington's article upon the character of one who slumbers in a foreign grave, could only come from those who had robbed an innocent and confiding victim. In justification of Mr. Painter, I can say that his conduct was in the highest degree creditable both to himself and poor Charlie. And in conclusion, let me present a letter from Mr. Jose Montarg who was with the Doctor at the time of his death. JUSTICE.

Below will be found the letter referred to, in which is given an account of the last moments of Dr. Bassett:—

GUAYAQUIL, (Ecuador,) Oct. 16, 1862.

FRIEND EDWARD:—It becomes my painful duty to inform you that what we have expected for a long time, has happened. Your brother Charley, when he was in Peru, had a very severe attack of rheumatism, and they thought he would not get over it; but he did, and when he joined the company again he found that the Aymars and John Reese had made a contract to go with old "Castro," in his Waroma, that was in Lima when you were here; but he sold out the show to them, and Reese begged his pardon, said he was sorry, that he had been led into it, &c., &c., The Aymars were to give him about four thousand dollars in two months after leaving Lima the second time, but when they arrived there, and showed in the Plaza de Acho and Callao, they did nothing, and Doctor, Reese, Constable, Painter, and Alex. Montarg joined together, and agreed to start a company of Acrobats, &c., and travel through New Granada, and so on home. Doctor signed over the mortgages, notes, &c., that he had against them, to the Aymars, and came to this place to make arrangements to commence showing here as soon as we could after we arrived. The boys stayed back in Callao until the next steamer, to see if they could not get some of their salary, and by dint of hard coaxing, &c., they managed to get about one hundred and fifty dollars worth of traps and pieces of canvas, and with that they left the Aymars in undisputed possession of the Circo Olympico. Charley, Alex. Montarg, Reese, Painter, and Constable comprised the new firm, and there were not $200 in the whole lot until Alex. went to showing here, till they could make a canvas and things to perform with. During the week that Alex. showed here he made about three hundred dollars clear of all expenses, and immediately put it into the treasury of the company, which was then called La Compania Norte Americana, but it is now called El Circo Ambulante. Every one of them signed a paper to the effect that they would be managed by Charley, and that they would all work together, and for one another; that on account of there having been so much trouble in Peru with the women, they would not have any in the show. Before this, however, Emma Pastor was left in Lambayaqua, by the Aymars, without a cent; but the American Consul there took her into his family, and promised to send her home. After we had everything ready, and were giving the first show here, who should come into the dressing-room but Scott, of Callao, and Emma. Scott was coming on the Peruano, and happened to see Emma in Lambayaqua, and told her what the boys were doing, when she determined to come on to us, and if she could not get an engagement, to keep on to New York, if the boys would pay her fare. When she arrived, however, the boys held a consultation, and came to the conclusion that she would be a help to them, and they hired her—Reese consenting with the rest. Meanwhile Reese had become enamored of an Indian girl here, and when we were ready to start up the river, he wished to take his "puta" with him, but every one was opposed to that, of course—for who wanted to travel with a "puta"—and because he could not do that he got vexed, and gave notice that he should withdraw from the company in six weeks, which was the time notice had to be given in the contract. It worried Charley a great deal to think that, after the Aymars had treated him so mean, and he had put his confidence in this party, Reese should throw him off in that way, and leave us all without suitable performers, and go with one of those native tight rope performers. Charley, with his worrying and previous bad health, contracted a fever, and in one short week he departed for that bourne from whence no traveler returns. We were all here in Guayaquil during his illness, and he had the best of everything; in fact, he was attended to as well as though he had been a brother to us all. His last words were: "The Aymars and Reese are the cause of all this!" About three o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th he uttered those words, and from that time until 7 o'clock in the evening, he grew worse very fast. At that time he commenced sweating, and the doctors all said that it was the turning point for better or worse; but he was so exhausted and worn out that it was almost impossible to see him breathe; but he still lingered on until ten minutes past nine o'clock, when he breathed his last as peacefully and quiet as though it had been a child of one month old. Oh! if all could die as easy as that, I for one should not be afraid to die; but there are very few of us that have no more to answer for than Charley—very, very few. He was buried to-day at 12 o'clock, in the burying grounds of the Americans here, and had all the respect shown him that was possible. There has been many a silent tear shed for him in this little company, and his memory will never be forgotten by any that knew him. Receive my consolation the best you can, under the circumstances, for the steamer leaves early to-morrow morning, and we have his few things to pack this P. M. Poor Charley! he had made up his mind to go home on this steamer, but he has gone before.

Yours, in sorrow, JOSE MONTARG.

The relations desire us to express their deep sense of gratitude to Mr. Montarg, Emma Pastor, and all those who contributed to make the last moments of a dying man comfortable and peaceful. To Mr. Alexander Montarg they are especially indebted, and will never forget his kindness.

As stated in our last issue, Thayer, Noyes & Co.'s U. S. Circus Company are to winter at Girard, Pa. Charley Noyes has all sorts of novelties in preparation, as probably next season will show. As we have already spoken of Farmer Crum having had a little substitute arrive just as he found himself drafted for the war, it seems but fair that we also mention the parallel fact of Charley Noyes having a little boy newly arrived, and said to be the most astonishing baby ever born in Erie county. He can not only make a "noise," but "strike a graceful position" already. "S-h-o-w!"

Antonio's Circus has gone into winter quarters at Springfield, Ill.

Nearly all the circus companies have terminated their travels for the season, and are now gone into quarters for the winter.

## NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Mead's Minstrels were in North Attleboro, Vt., on the 31st ult., and had a $60 house. Pretty good for a small place. They have since been in Rhode Island.

Duprez & Green's Minstrels showed in Albany on the 5th and 6th inst. to splendid business. The company is one of the best in existence, embracing some very clever performers, both vocal, instrumental, and comic.

In our correspondence from London, a few weeks since, some reference was made to Mr. Montague, agent for Christy's Minstrels. Mr. Montague wishes to reply, and in accordance with our principles of fair play, we give him the use of our columns for that purpose. Here is his letter, dated

18 GOLDEN SQUARE, London, Eng., Oct. 17, 1862.—FRANK QUEEN, *Sir*—With some surprise I read in the N. Y. CLIPPER of the 4th of Oct., the notice of the original Christy's Minstrels, here in England. I am sorry to find that your correspondent should be so little-minded as to reflect upon the trade I may have followed. He says I was a small tailor, and the company I have the honor to represent are making money. To both of these grave charges I plead guilty. He also calls me co-proprietor. Proprietorship of the Christy's Minstrels I deny, as in this country man cannot hold property in man. I have been agent to the Christy's Minstrels for the last five years, during which time the press and the public have treated me kinder than my humble merits deserve. If, in my official calling, I have offended your correspondent, and he takes this magnanimous opportunity to revenge it, it is merely the fate of place, and the rough usage plate must go through. I should not have noticed the paragraph in your paper, had not the talent of our company been assailed. We possess five of the original members who formed Mr. Raynor's company, including Mr. Thomas Christian, the Tyrolean solo singer. This gentleman was for years a principal member of the late E. P. Christy's troupe, and he is the only one in England whoever served under the banner of E. P. Christy. I think, sir, under these circumstances, we may justly take the name of original. I herewith send you a file of newspapers, wherein our company are eulogised to the skies. You will now have the opportunity of judging for yourself. Yours obediently, H. MONTAGUE.

Arlington & Donniker's Minstrels were doing a large business at Liberty Hall, St. Louis.

Duprez & Green's Minstrels had an immense house in Newark, N. J., on the 1st. A two hundred dollar house greeted them on the 3d, in Poughkeepsie; $175 in Hudson, on the 4th; on the 5th and 6th, they filled Tweddle Hall, Albany, and on the 7th and 8th were in Troy, which wound up their tour in the North. They sail for New Orleans on the 12th.

Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels in Boston continue to make people forget all about the storms of weather or the storms of life as soon as their performances begin—and sometimes previously, for thousands had to be left out in the cold last week. The main feature this week is the new farce of "Scipio, The Intelligent Monkey,"

### THE COCK FIGHT.

[The following copy of verses, upon two cocks fighting, was written by Dr. R. Wild, more than one hundred years ago. The work from which we make the extract is called "The Complete Gamester," and was published in 1754.—ED. CLIP.]

Go, you tame gallants, you that have a name,
And would accounted be, Cocks of the Game,
That have brave spurs to show for't, and can crow,
And count all dunghill breed that cannot show
Such painted plumes as your's; which think't no vice,
With cock-like lust to treat your cockatrice.
Tho' peacocks, woodcocks, weathercocks you be,
If y'are not fighting-cocks, y'are not for me.
I of two feathered combatants will write;
And he that means to th' life to express their fight,
Must make his ink the blood which they did spill,
And from their dying wings must take his quill.

No sooner were the doubtful people set,
The match made up, and all that would had bet;
But strait the skillful judges of the play
Brought forth their sharp-heel'd warriors, and they
Were both in linen bags, as if 'twere meet
Before they dy'd, to have their winding sheet.
Into the pit they're brought, and being there
Upon the stage, the Norfolk Chanticleer
Looks stoutly at his ne'er before seen foe,
And like a challenger began to crow,
And clap his wing, as if he would display
His warlike colors, which were black and gray.
Meantime the wary Wisbich walks and breathes
His active body, and in fury wreathes,
His comely crest, and often looking down,
He whets his angry beak upon the ground.
This done, they meet, not like the coward breed
Of Æsop; these can better fight than feed:
They scorn the dunghill, 'tis their only prize,
To dig for pearls within each other's eyes.
They fought so nimbly, that 'twas hard to know,
To th' skilful, whether they did fight, or no;
If that the blood which dy'd the fatal floor,
Had not bore witness of't. Yet fought they more;
As if each wound were but a spur to prick
Their fury forward. Lightning's not more quick,
Or red, than were their eyes; 'twas hard to know,
Whether 'twas blood or anger made them so.
I'm sure they had been out, had they not stood
More safe, by being fenced in with blood.
Thus they vy'd blows, but yet (alas) at length,
Altho' their courage were full try'd, their strength,
And blood began to ebb. You that have seen
A wat'ry combat on the sea, between
Two angry, roaring, boiling billows, how
They march, and meet, and dash their curled brow;
Swelling like graves, as tho' they did intend
T'entomb each other e'er the quarrel end;
But when the wind is down, and blust'ring weather,
They are made friends, and sweetly run together;
May think these champions such; their blood grows low,
And they which leap'd before, now scarce can go;
Their wings, which lately at each blow they clapp'd,
(As if they did applaud themselves,) now flapp'd.
And having lost th' advantage of the heel,
Drunk with each other's blood they only reel;
From either eyes such drops of blood did fall,
As if they wept them for their funeral.
And yet they fain would fight; they came so near,
Methought they meant into each other's ear
To whisper wounds; and when they could not rise,
They lay and look'd blows into each other's eyes.
But now the tragic part! After this fit,
When Norfolk cock had got the best of it,
And Wisbich lay a dying, so that none,
Tho' sober, but might venture sev'n to one;
Contracting, like a dying taper, all
His strength, intending with the blow to fall,
He struggles up, and having taken wind,
Ventures a blow, and strikes the other blind.
And now, poor Norfolk, having lost his eyes,
Fights only guided by antipathies:
With him (alas!) the proverb holds not true,
The blows his eyes ne'er saw, his heart must rue.
At length, by chance, he stumbled on his foe,
Not having any power to strike a blow,
He falls upon him with his wounded head,
And makes his conqu'ror's wings his feather bed:
Where lying sick, his friends were very chary
Of him, and fetch'd in haste a pothecary;
But all in vain, his body did so blister,
That t'was uncapable of any glyster;
Wherefore, at length, opening his fainting bill,
He call'd a scriv'ner, and thus made his will.

Imprimis, let it never be forgot,
My body freely I bequeath to th' Pot,
Decently to be boil'd, and for its tomb,
Let it be buried in some hungry womb;
Item—Executors I will have none,
But he that on my side laid sev'n to one;
And, like a gentleman that he may live,
To him, and to his heirs, my comb I give,
Together with my brains, that all may know,
That oftentimes his brains did use to crow.
Item—It is my will to the weaker ones,
Whose wives complain of them, I give my stones;
To him that's dull I do my spurs impart;
And to the coward I bequeath my heart;
To ladies that are light, it is my will,
My feathers shall be given, and for my bill
I'd give a Taylor, but it is so short,
That I'm afraid he'll rather curse me for't;
And for th' apothecarie's fee, who meant
To give me a glyster, let my rump be sent.
Lastly, because I feel my life decay,
I yield and give to Wisbich cock the day.

## THE SHILLING HELL;
### OR,
### GAMBLING IN LOW LIFE IN LONDON.

In our last we gave an account of the principal aristocratic gambling houses in London. This week we change the scene, and describe another phase of society connected with the "play table."

In quitting for a time the high life of the play-ring, I must not omit to mention that John Aldridge and his partners became proprietors of the Hertford club, Piccadilly. The Earl of Belfast was the chairman, and the committee was composed of men of the highest families in the kingdom, including members of both houses of the legislature. The house was originally built for the Marquis of Hertford; since the club was dissolved, it has been converted into chambers. The proprietors of the club disagreed among themselves. "Imperial Rome, when torn by faction, fell;" and so did the Hertford Club, or gaming house, which you will; in those days the terms were synonymous.

About the year 1831 or 1832, play first became common. Harding Ackland, a man of great fame at that time, an inveterate and spirited player at anything, "from marbles to manslaughter," as the saying is, opened the first shilling hell in the metropolis, (that is to say, shilling stakes) No. 60, Quadrant, Regent street. His speculation was successful beyond all calculation. He created a new school of players. No longer was gaming confined to the aristocratic circle; the shilling hell embraced every order of tradesman and commercial clerk, and hence its dire influence on a portion of society quite unable honestly to struggle under its pressure. Few serious people can be aware of the destructive fascinations of the gambling vice.

The life of a gambler possesses more excitement than any other. The generalissimo of the army, the leader in Parliament, the minister himself, feels nothing of agitation and excitement when compared with the inveterate gambler; he feeds, he lives, he enjoys nothing but that which the play-table affords. The Turk may eat opium, the drunkard may tipple, the smoker may enjoy his tobacco, but their senses fall short in delight to the exciting stimulant of him who risks his all upon the throw of a die at hazard, or the turn of a card at *rouge et noir*; and, like unto the drunkard, it is seldom indeed that his evening's diversion will bear the morning's reflection. The real gambler in heart will sacrifice anything and everything at the shrine of the fickle goddess. Friends and fame are prostrated by his excesses; he is not capable of the ordinary feelings of man; he blasts his hopes, and with them his better intentions. Men, previously ornaments to society, live but to degrade it; moral obligation, formerly revered, dies within them as their fortune dwindles. Men of talent, meteors in creation, become outcasts and wanderers, solely from the pernicious influence of their unconquerable passion for play. I will cite an instance, the truth of which is known, and can be proved by many, very many, living evidences.

A man, once a respectable solicitor, commenced his career as a gambler, some years since, by visiting the first-rate and most fashionable hells in the metropolis, *tempora mutantur*. He has since been found, a miserable and loathsome being, playing even for coppers at a place not inappropriately designated the "Rag and Famish," in a turning out of Cranbourn Alley, Leicester Square. Some few years since, the following authentic anecdote occurred:—Having won a few shillings, he purchased a rump-steak, and left it in a miserable coffee-shop in the court alluded to, to be cooked in a short time specified.

He went back to the "Rag and Famish," and lost all he had previously won, with the exception of what he had paid for the steak. After he had lost his last *sou*, he hastened to the coffee-house, and eagerly inquired if they had cooked the steak. Upon being answered in the negative, he asked for it back, saying he wanted to take it somewhere else. His intention, however, was suspected, and he was watched to a butcher's in Newport Market, where he disposed of it for half what he had given, and returned to the gaming room to risk the pitiful produce on the hazard of the die. This truly wretched man seldom took rest; his nights and days were spent in the indulgence of his baneful and ruinous passion. From a peculiarity in placing the dice in the box, he obtained the cognomen of "Jemmy Nipper." Even the table-keepers themselves, in vain endeavored to prevail upon him, knowing his former respectability and present circumstances, to abandon play, and have frequently returned him the trifle he has ventured, upon his pledge not to chance it again; but so completely lost had he become to every sense of moral degradation, that no sooner had he pledged his word most solemnly to that effect, than he has gone to the nearest gambling house, and risked the very money they had, in the spirit of charity, returned to him.

Ackland's shop of work, and its accumulating popularity and profits, produced many other establishments on the same scale; in fact, the West end abounded with them. No gentleman could enter one of these places without running the risk of meeting his tailor there, probably seated next to him, and pursuing the same laudable amusement. I was one night coming out of Ackland's, on the arm of a friend, when we met a gentleman going up stairs, who at that time filled the responsible situation of clerk or cashier at Drummond's. My friend, who was a laceman in Bond street, knew him well, from the fact that they were both members of a whist club, held at the Crown Tavern, Old Cavendish street.

"What do you do here?" said my friend to the banker's clerk.

"I am just going to try my luck for a five-pound note," he responded.

"Don't, for God's sake!" said the honest and good-hearted laceman, in an imploring tone.

"Why not?" was the next question.

"Because," said my friend, "it may be the ruin of you; some one may see you, and if Drummond's people hear of your being here, you will not be kept in their establishment an hour."

"Oh, nonsense!" said the clerk; "I shall only venture a few pounds, and come away directly; and with that he thrust himself past us, and we departed. Not so the clerk; that night he won £1,500. Elated with his success, he again repaired to the hell the next evening; won again from six to seven hundred pounds. A few days after these fortunate, or I should say unfortunate events, one of the partners called him aside, and in an all important whisper requested him to make up his accounts in preparation for his immediate dismissal. When he had done so, he inquired "why?" How superfluous was the question! As his friend the laceman had anticipated, so it had turned out. "You are known to frequent a gaming-house, sir," said the gentleman of the firm. The clerk wished to explain how great a winner he had been. He was stopped short with these most appropriate remarks: "We have nothing to do with your winnings or losings; the circumstance of your visiting such a place is quite sufficient to justify us in informing you that our confidence is withdrawn from you, and you are no longer in our service." He pursued gaming, and earned adversity. It is many years since I saw him, in an abject position, begging a few shillings of those who had known him in prosperity. Long since I have pointed him out to another who had once known him. "There is poor ——, who was in Drummond's; he is shoeless, shirtless, and starving." Such is but one example daily paid as penalty to the baneful passion of the play-table. The betting propensity is about the same in its termination. Sixpenny, fourpenny, and even penny hells succeeded Harding Ackland's prosperous shilling adventure.

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A PREACHER MAN IN A FIX.—An odd-looking person joined the passengers on the New-York and Erie railroad the other day, at a distant Western station. When he entered the spacious car he looked round in utter amazement at its extent, and the comfort and elegance of its accommodations. And now he began to talk to himself, which he continued "by the way" until the cars arrived at Piermont. "Wal," he commenced, "this is what they call 'a car,' eh! Wal, it's the biggest bildin I ever see on wheels! Thunder a-n-d lightnin! how we do skit away!"

In this way he ran on, staring around, and talking at everybody, and finding nobody to talk to. At length he saw his man. A solemn-visaged person, with a "choke" tied at that exact point where "ornament is only not strangulation," a straight-collared coat, and a flat, broad-brimmed hat, sitting on a distant seat, "caught the speaker's eye."

"Hello, Dominie! Be you there? Goin down to 'York? How do they do down to L——? How's Mr. Williams gittin on now? Pooty fore-handed, ain't he? Where be you goin'? Goin' to preach in 'York? Ain't goin' to Californy, be you? Didn't know but you might be; almost everybody seems to be goin' there now." As soon as there was sufficient pause in this avalanche of unanswered queries, the grave passepger replied, "Yes, I am on my way to California." "Lord-a-massey, you ain't, though, be ye? You ain't gin up preachin', hev ye? 'Pears to me I wouldn't. I was to camp-meetin' when you telled your 'xperience and strugglin'. You had the dreadfullest hard time gittin' 'ligion 'at ever I see in my life! Seems to me, arter so much trouble, I wouldn't give it up so. None o' my business, though, o' course. So, goin' to get gold, eh?"

As soon as the roars of laughter, which now filled the car, had subsided, the grave gentleman explained that, deeming California a fruitful field for missionary labor, he had determined to go forth as a pioneer in the good work, and he was therefore to sail from New-York in three days for San Francisco.

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A HARD FIGHT BETWEEN A MAN AND A HORSE.—The Norfolk *Reformer* relates the following singular occurrence as having taken place in the township of Walsingham, Canada:—"Mr. Abram Brandow had a very narrow escape one day last week from being killed by a horse. He went into a field to catch his horse, and as soon as he got near the animal it pitched at him in a determined and savage manner, biting Brandow fearfully. Brandow is a strong, able man, and a good horseman, and he fought the horse as long as he could with the bridle, but finding that it did not heed that weapon, he threw his arms around the horse's neck, and his feet around its fore legs. While in this position, he threw the horse down. This, of course broke his hold, and the horse soon got up again and continued the fight with renewed severity. Finally, Brandow threw himself flat upon the ground, giving up all hope, the horse continuing to bite him for some time after he laid perfectly still. Even after the animal had left and gone some distance, it returned and bit Brandow several times. Strange to say, the horse did not strike or attempt to stamp the man, but tried and did kneel on him, as if trying to crush him with his knees. Brandow had his clothes almost entirely torn off, and from one of his arms, the flesh.

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OWENS AND HIS APPRENTICE.—John was playing an engagement at the Howard Athenæum, in Boston, last summer, and was dispatched by the manager to perform for a week in one of the interior towns of western Massachusetts. One day, while sojourning there, a plain good-natured son of the soil came up to him, as he was enjoying his after breakfast segar, and addressed him thus:—

"I say, 'Squire, ain't you the player chap that I see in the theayter, last night, acting out the funny feller so 'cute."

The part alluded to was Solon Shingle, in "The People's Lawyer."

"Well," replied John, with that bland smile of his, "I guess I am."

"I thought so," said the farmer. "Now, I've been a good many times to the theayter, when I've been down to Boston, and seen a hull lot of folks playing all sorts of funny parts, but I never seen any of em who could come any where as near you, 'Squire! Yes, yeou dew take the rag off 'o the bush, acting out a funny feller, and no mistake!"

The comedian evinced his deep sense of the compliment paid him by a graceful touch of his hat; and his new friend preceeded:—

"I never did larf so much in all my born days; and so did my wife, and as to my darter, Metilda Jane, I thought she would have burst. I wonder, 'Squire, if you could larn our Sam. He's a 'cute sort of a chap, and is up to all sorts of queer goings on. Ain't nobody as don't snicker right eout every time they see him in his tantrums. I guess he'd make a funny actor, jest like you, 'Squire, if he only had a chance. 'Spose you couldn't give him a chance, couldn't you? If you only let him try his hand a while, shouldn't mind bindin' him eout as a 'prentice to the play acting business, not charge you much, nother; only take care on him, and don't let him into mischief. Fact is 'Squire, I think that boy 'd jest suit you, for he's a kind of a natural d——d fool enny how."

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BUYING WOODCOCKS.—I was recovering from sickness lately, and needed something to tempt my appetite. I thought woodcock, well cooked and served, would move my dormant palate. My Irish servant was told to go down and purchase a pair. Mrs. B., said to him:—

"I suppose you know what they are—those birds with very long bills?"

"Yes mem, I do."

Then turning to the cook, she gave directions for their preparation on the table.

"Well, Jim, did you get the woodcocks?" inquired Mrs. B.

"I did, mem."

"But how much is this—how much change have you brought? What did they cost?"

"Sixteen cents, mem."

"What, sixteen cents for the pair?"

"Yes mem."

"Why, that is extremely cheap."

He stood in a hesitating way for a moment, and then asked Mrs. B., if she would not step down and see them. She walked down to the kitchen, and Jim stepped up to the table, took up a small package which he unfolded, and handed out a couple of the longest kind of wooden faucets.

"Why, bless you, man, these are not woodcocks. Didn't you hear me give directions about cooking them?"

"I did, mem."

"But don't you see that I could not cook one of these? I might have them in the pot an hour, and they would not be cooked."

"I see, mem; I made a mistake. Shall I take 'em back mem?"

---

HALTER BREAKING YOUNG COLTS.—There is as much advantage in beginning early with a colt as with a boy. It is serious business to most farmers to break a stout four-year-old to the halter, and to handling; but begin with a sucking colt, and you have an easy task. He takes gentle handling kindly, may soon be made familiar with the halter, and do your bidding. After a little training, the boys can lead him to the pasture and to water, which will be a good lesson for them, as well as the colt.

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